

# THE CRITICAL REVIEW.

## SERIES THE THIRD.

---

Vol. VIII.

AUGUST, 1806.

No. IV.

---

ART. I.—*The History of the Orkney Islands, in which is comprehended an Account of their present as well as their ancient State; together with the Advantages they possess for several Branches of Industry, and the Means by which they may be improved. Illustrated with an accurate and extensive Map of the whole Islands, and with Plates of some of the most interesting Objects they contain: By the Rev. George Barry, D.D. Minister of Shapinsay. 4to. Edinburgh. pp. 509. Longman and Co. 1805.*

THE numerous islets, which, with irregular frequency, besprinkle the northern and western borders of this kingdom, and present an immoveable barrier to the attacks of the Atlantic, have been usually divided into three groupes, under the names of the Orkneys, the Hebrides, and the Shetland isles. It is truly remarkable how very limited is the knowledge, not only of the southern, but of the northern inhabitants of Britain, regarding these out-posts of our island, and we hail with pleasure this attempt towards a general and statistical history of these minute but not unimportant appendages of the empire. The Orkney Islands are, perhaps, of more value than they have been generally considered, and no just estimate of their advantages can be formed from a superficial survey of their scanty surface, their northern position, or the inclemency of their seasons. Whether we regard their imperfect state of cultivation, their neglected fisheries, their languishing commerce, or their sparing population, we must equally feel ourselves stimulated to investigate the causes of these misfortunes; to attempt, while our enemies extend their power by enlarging their dominions, to increase our resources by better management of the territories we possess; and while they conquer by injustice and violence, to aim at the more commendable acquisitions which are to be attained by the exertion

CRIT. REV. Vol. 8. August, 1806.

of political sagacity, and the practice of national virtue. These reflections induce us to regard the performance before us in a light of considerable value, and will lead us to bestow upon it some degree of attention. If the work is not of a brilliant or elegant description, it possesses the more solid merit of containing much important and some rare information.

Dr. Barry introduces his subject to the reader by a general view of what ought and what ought not to be expected in a history of the Orkney Islands. He divides his work into three books, in the first of which he affords a general sketch of the number, productions, extent, and situation of this group. These islands appear to be extremely numerous, and to amount, including those of all sizes, to as many as sixty-seven, of which twenty-nine only are inhabited, and the rest, being appropriated to the purposes of pasturage, are denominated Holms. Besides all these, there are a number of spots which are overflowed at high water, and are called in the language of the country *Skerries*; a term to which we believe no English word exactly corresponds. These skerries belong, in general, not to the proprietor whose lands are the nearest, but to him whose demesne is divided from them by the shallowest water. Dr. Barry seems to consider this as a proof that the skerries have been, in long past time, torn from the neighbouring islands; though without any such supposition, it appears natural to conceive that the access must have been easier through shallow than through deep water, to a rude people whose sea-craft could not be numerous in a country destitute of wood, and consequently that the first occupant would more probably be a *wader* than a navigator. With respect to these skerries, Dr. Barry assures us, with a quaint simplicity of style which pervades every part of the work, that 'excellent are the haunts they form for several kinds of amphibious animals. To them the seal and the otter in particular very often resort in hot weather, where, stretching themselves at full length on the rocks, they bask in the sun's rays for many hours at a time with the utmost *apparent satisfaction*.'

The twenty-nine inhabited islands have almost all names of Norwegian extraction, terminating, for the greater part, in *ay*, *a*, or *ey*; signifying island in various Gothic dialects, and appearing also in the composition of the names of many of the islets which appertain to the English crown, as Jersey, Alderney, &c. The largest of the Orkneys is styled Pomona or Mainland, by way of eminence, and extends to a length of thirty miles, containing the capital town of Kirkwall.

The ideas of our author seem to have received a certain degree of compression from his residence amid these little islands, and it is amusing to hear of 'an extensive tract of hill and dales,' in a district of Mainland. No doubt, in more senses than one, it was truly said 'these little things are great to little man,' and the minister of Shapinsbay may be excused for regarding with veneration the vast size of Pomona. The town of Kirkwall, above all, seems to have absorbed the reverend doctor's admiration, and is asserted, in its single street of a mile long, to contain houses which, in their appearance, style of building, and furnishing, may bear a comparison which those of any little town in the kingdom. The tasteful inhabitants of this choice region have also a town-house, supported on pillars, which is, according to Dr. Barry, 'a neat and commodious building,' and is divided into three stories, of which the first is a common prison, the second a ball-room, and the third a freemason's hall, each story thus rising over the former at once in height and merit in the most appropriate manner.

The soil of Mainland varies considerably, but appears on the whole to be of a quality sufficiently fertile, and capable of great improvement. The island affords on every side excellent fishing stations, which are almost entirely neglected, and in one lake an abundance of trout are found; which, observes Dr. B. is perhaps the reason that otters haunt it so often and with so much seeming satisfaction. The Doctor must be allowed to have a fatherly regard to the comforts of animals. In one of the districts of this island, a singular sort of proprietors of land exists, who are called *Udalters*, and whose property has never been held by the feudal tenure. The cultivation of this chief of the Orkneys, as well as of most of the other islands, is in a very imperfect state, and multitudes of sheep and swine are suffered to roam about at large, to the infinite prejudice of the crops of every sort.

Mainland contains the remains of some extensive buildings; among which we remark the ruins of the palace of the ancient earls of Orkney, and the magnificent cathedral of St. Magnus, still in a state of considerable preservation; and, if we may judge from a view of it prefixed to the volume, it is doubtless a structure of much greater beauty and grandeur than one could reasonably or indeed at all have expected in these remote islands.

The little island of Grimsay is next described, and is represented by our author to be a very snug spot, and to want nothing to render it a region of complete comfort but

turf for firing, and a kirk. In all these islands there is a total deficiency of wood. In former times indeed, if we may judge by the large trees still found in the morasses, considerable forests must have existed. But now no tree will grow to any magnitude, unless immediately protected by a wall. In summer, it is true, a few shoots extend a little farther, but the biting and violent winds of the succeeding winter never fail to reduce all again within the former limits. That this is a fact we ourselves have had an opportunity of ascertaining, and of witnessing the surprise of a new imported native of Orkney at the sight of the gigantic trees of the south. We remember to have heard an anecdote of an Orkney man, who, for the first time in his life, committing his 'carcase to the faithless sea,' sailed in the packet for a port in England. The weather was boisterous, the passengers were worn out with fatigue and want of sleep, and were landed early of a morning, by their own desire, at a little distance from the place of their destination. They proceeded on their journey in a carriage, and while the light was yet imperfect, most of them attempted to procure a little sleep. The curiosity of the Orkney man, however, to view the state of the country, was too lively to permit him to indulge in repose, and very soon he disturbed the slumbers of the rest by violent exclamations of 'what is that? what is that?' or, in his own dialect, 'Fat's tat? Fat's tat?' The passengers imagining that a robber approached, involuntarily felt for their purses, and one of them, a lady, clinging to his arm, intreated him, in moving accents, for God's sake to tell what it was that so terrified him. The only answer to be got from him was, 'That tall thing.' Upon explanation it turned out to be part of a row of *high trees*.

Passing over a number of small islands which seem all to agree in barrenness, moderate fertility, and the possession of excellent but neglected stations for fisheries, we were struck with an amusingly simple remark of Dr. Barry regarding Cavay, a little spot, where, says our author, 'three families, consisting of six persons each, inhabit and live on butter, milk, and fish, with much *sobriety, industry, and decency of manners*.' A debauch upon milk and fish would certainly be a rare spectacle.

The manufacture of kelp is carried on with great spirit in many of these islands, and the produce of the sea-weeds has there afforded a large revenue to the proprietors, and has in many instances doubled their former rental. The low state of agriculture in the Orkneys may be gathered from the existence of a custom, by which all the farming stock,



horses, cattle, and part of the crop, belong to the landlord, and are received by the tenant on his entry, and left on his departure from his farm, under the name of *Steil-bow*; a practice, as Dr. Barry observes, at once a mark and a cause of poverty in the farmer. At the conclusion of the first book, the author having enumerated and described all the islands, professes his conviction that they form a district by no means of little consequence, and scarcely inferior to Zealand, one of the Batavian provinces, and that they demand only a due portion of fostering care to enable them to rise to a degree of importance far exceeding the most sanguine expectation. We believe there is a great deal of truth in Dr. Barry's opinion on this subject, and though it has not been in our power to follow his footsteps with minute accuracy, we can candidly affirm that the reader will meet here a more ample and correct account of these islands than has hitherto been afforded by any writer.

In the second book, Dr. Barry proceeds to consider the early inhabitants of the Orkneys, their manners and customs, the people who succeeded them, and every thing regarding the history and antiquities of these islands. The first part of this disquisition is directed to the investigation of the original discovery of the Orkneys; and the pretensions of various languages to the honour of bestowing their present appellation are weighed with much etymological skill, and the conclusion is altogether as uncertain as inquiries of this kind generally lead to. The Doctor, however, makes out, at last, that these islands have derived their name from the great abundance of large whales found in the Northern Ocean. From this topic he proceeds with much warmth to prove, that in the days of Tacitus, his native shores were not desert and uninhabited, and fairly quarrels with an ancient writer, named Solinus, for asserting, that the Orkneys were but three in number, were without inhabitants, and covered only by rushes. Dr. Barry feels very sore at this aspersion, and assures us with patriotic vehemence, that though his islands may not equal in beauty those of the Archipelago and Ionian Sea, they are not, abstractedly considered, sterile; for, continues he, they produce grain of various sorts, roots, and grasses; and as to wood, for their deficiency in which they have been so much abused, they certainly cannot be said, without limitation, to want that commodity, '*since the morasses contain so many half putrid trees.*'

Dr. Barry concludes after grave deliberation, that the Orkney Islands received their first inhabitants from the northern promontories of Scotland, and every probability con-

curs to demonstrate the truth of this supposition. Our author adopts on this subject the hypothesis of some former writers, that the Picts were a race of Gothic extraction, and emigrating from the frozen limits of ancient Scandinavia, first peopled the eastern and northern coasts of Scotland, and thence proceeded to occupy the adjacent islands of Orkney. Taking all this for granted, it follows that the manners, customs, and peculiarities of the Pictish tribes were in effect the same, or nearly the same, over all the districts possessed by them; and Dr. Barry accordingly collates, from various sources, whatever particulars he has been able, in order to illustrate the condition of his forefathers, and to fill the blank pages of the annals of Orkney. He has thus, with great labour and careful quotation, selected from ancient and modern writers a series of remarks, which would have been just as applicable to the elucidation of the state of any of the Scandinavian tribes, as of those here considered: and after all it is a matter of considerable doubt, whether the aborigines of Orkney might not have been of Celtic birth; a supposition, the establishment of which would altogether invalidate the greater part of the reverend Doctor's observations in this part of his work. There are certainly strong reasons for imagining that the Celts at one period, however remote, had a permanent footing in these islands, as well as on the neighbouring shores of Scotland, where their descendants still exist and retain their original language.

Dr. Barry considers the monuments of the ancient inhabitants of the Orkneys, which are still visible, as of three kinds. The first of these, the tumuli or barrows, were used to mark the distinction due to the mortal remains of eminent men, and are to be found abundantly in various parts of the Danish, Swedish, and British dominions. The immense masses of stone set on end, which occur in the Orkneys, as well as in the island of Great Britain, are, we think erroneously, viewed by Dr. Barry as the work of a Gothic race, and he labours hard, but unsuccessfully, to give any probable account of their erection or use. We have here also a sketch of the third sort of ancient monuments, commonly called Picts'-houses, and a plate is afforded, which is calculated to give the reader a tolerable idea of these singular structures, which are probably of most remote antiquity, and the original design of which is far from being perfectly understood, though it is not unlikely that in their present form they are only the ruins of larger buildings.

But whoever may have been the constructor of these monuments, or whoever may have first inhabited the stormy

islands of the Orkneys, it is very certain that they were invaded and subdued about the time of the reign of Alfred the Great, by some of those Norwegian tribes who overran and desolated some of the fairest portions of Europe. The vicinity of these defenceless islands presented them as an easy if not a rich prey, and for many centuries after this period they continued subject to the sway of earls of Norwegian lineage, and sometimes even appended as a feudal fief to the crown of the kings of Norway. The history of these petty sovereigns is detailed with much care by Dr Barry, and for many pages we have been compelled to wade through successive scenes of bloodshed, where one barbarous chief assassinates another, and is himself burned alive by a child, and where one endless round of murder, desolation, ravishment, and every species of savage cruelty, fatigues the mind with its sameness, and disgusts the taste with the spectacle of unvarying ferocity. To enter into any particular remarks on the subject is not our intention, and we content ourselves with observing, that about the year 1383, the male branches of the Norwegian earls became extinct, and the Scottish earls of Stratherne succeeded to their dignities and power, as the nearest heirs by the female line. From them, in a similar manner, the earldom of Orkney came into the possession of the family of St. Clare, though still held as a feudal tenure from the king of Norway. At last, in the reign of James III. of Scotland, the Orkney Islands were mortgaged to the Scottish monarch, for part of the dower of his queen, a princess of Norway, and they have ever since continued to form an appendage to his crown. Christian, then king of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, a powerful and sagacious prince, was induced to consent to this alienation of his ancient domains, partly by the difficulty which he found of raising money to carry on his projects, and partly by the impossibility which he perceived to exist that he or his successors should long be able to retain the sovereignty of these distant islands, which lay so open to the attacks of the Scots, and which were governed by a chief whose territories were partly included in Scotland, and whose connexions and inclinations centered entirely in that kingdom. The Orkneys seem to have derived no small advantage from this change of masters, and though at first only the homage and feudal superiority were transferred to the Scottish monarch, very soon the earls of the St. Clare family, tired of their remote sovereignty, and anxious for the safe comforts of peace and civilization, resigned their possessions into the hands of the king, and received in exchange various grants within the ancient limits of Scotland.

From this epoch a new train of events commenced in these islands, which formerly were connected with Norway no less by alliance, descent, and allegiance, than by resemblance of manners, similarity of laws, and identity of language. But from the period of the annexation of the Orkneys to the Scottish crown, the inhabitants began to be more and more assimilated to their southern neighbours, till at last in manners and in language scarcely a trace is now left to betray their Norwegian extraction. Various plans were followed in the government and management of these islands by the different kings of Scotland, and much evil was for a considerable time produced by the practice of conferring their revenues and advantages on greedy favourites, who, conscious of the short and uncertain term for which they held their authority, plundered, with apprehensive rapacity, the defenceless inhabitants. In process of time, however, they were admitted to all the incalculable benefits of a regular government, and have at last had reason to be satisfied for the loss of their ancient superiors.

In the third division of his work, Dr. Barry considers 'the present state of these islands, their favourable situations and circumstances, and the advantages that might be derived from them.' In the first chapter of this book, the Doctor treats of their natural history, and assures us that there would be no great difficulty in giving a complete account of the various productions that are here found in the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms. Whether this facility arises from the greatness of our author's knowledge, or the small number of objects upon which he is enabled to exercise it, we pretend not to affirm. But certain it is that here little food will be found for the gratification of those who hunger after new objects of natural science. Of the mineral productions of the Orkneys we have a brief and not a very distinct enumeration; and of the indigenous plants a meagre list of the Linnæan and English names is presented, with a notice of the places of their growth. At the end of this catalogue Dr. Barry gives an account of the vegetables which are cultivated in the fields or in the garden for the support, the luxury, or the delight of man; and last of all he ventures, with evident feelings of anxiety, to apologise for the absence of trees from his native islands. Again are we led into the morasses to view with real or feigned admiration the stumps and ruins of trees of other times, which solace the mind of our author for the present nakedness of his native land, and an inquiry is instituted by him to discover, if that may be done, the causes which thus led to the extirpation of these from the Orkneys. After mature consideration he determines

that the ancient woods may have been cut down to burn, or to build ships and form implements of husbandry; or he conjectures that storms may have blown them away, or that deluges may have overwhelmed them. But the last reason far surpasses the rest in ingenuity, and it is sagaciously hinted 'that perhaps there may be something in the air of a country under cultivation inimical to trees.' We believe the reverend Doctor will find it a task almost as difficult rear a tree in Shapinsay, as to persuade an Englishman that wood will not thrive on the very borders of the best cultivated fields in the world, a fact of which daily observation presents him with the most agreeable and convincing proofs. It is however recommended with much earnestness by the author to the landed proprietors of Orkney, to bestow greater attention on the growing of timber, and to adopt some of the common but indispensable precautions for effecting their purpose, without attention to which, trees will not thrive in more favourable situations, and which appear to have been wholly neglected in all former attempts to establish plantations in these abodes of winter and Æolus.

Under the head of Zoology, we observe an enumeration of many excellent varieties of fish, which exist in great abundance. The lobster is caught in vast quantities for the London market, and sold to the smacks at only two-pence a piece, their claws being bound with twine to prevent them from fighting and maiming each other. The grey gurnard is also plentiful, and, according to Dr. Barry, 'is no sooner hauled on board than it begins to utter a *croaking plaintive noise*, something like an angry person.' We cannot answer for the effects of rage in the North Seas; but the voice of anger has certainly very little of the plaintive in it in these southern regions. The herring, mackerel, sole, tench, cod, skate, and multitudes of other inhabitants of the ocean, abound in the vicinity of the Orkneys, and afford an excellent and plentiful article of sustenance to all whose laziness is not superior even to their desire of food. A great number and variety of birds frequent or inhabit these islands, and various quadrupeds are also enumerated by our author as the natives of their shores. Their swine are very numerous and very lean, though when shut up and properly fattened they are asserted 'to acquire, in a short time, a flesh, which for delicacy and flavour is much esteemed.' The sheep are of a peculiar breed, similar, as our author says, to those of Ireland and Shetland. They are suffered to roam at large without the smallest protection or assistance; and Dr. Barry observes, that had Buffon been acquainted with their breed, he would not have asserted 'that the species, on account of their natural defects, cannot subsist with-



out the protection of man.' Another curious circumstance is here mentioned, which we extract for the amusement of our readers :

' In those little uninhabited islands that are called holms, pregnant ewes are frequently put to pasture, in order that they may enjoy the quiet of the place, and bring forth their young in greater safety. If, about the time of yeaning, a person with a dog enters the place, the ewes, unaccustomed to this animal, take the alarm, suddenly start up and run a little, when, in a moment, they drop down dead, probably by the joint influence of surprise, fear, and weakness. Such as have died in this manner, and been opened, have been found to contain two, and sometimes three lambs within them. The same want of attention to our sheep, that manifestly hurts the nature of the carcase, has, without doubt, some influence on the quality of the wool also, which is notwithstanding very excellent. Instead of washing the animals carefully, as in other places, before they be shorn, in order to clear the wool of what may be hurtful, it is taken off from them in its foul state ; and, without regard to sorting, in general all kinds of it are mixed together, for the purpose of being manufactured into a coarse cloth and stockings, for the use of the inhabitants, and for exportation.'

In the remaining chapters of this part of the work, Dr. Barry proceeds to treat of the population, agriculture, and manufactures of the Orkney Islands. The number of inhabitants, according to him, is about 24,000, and the number of acres of land about 150,000. The soil is in many places sufficiently fertile, but, like that of the greater part of the Scottish islands, suits better for the cultivation of turnips, potatoes, and the grasses, than for the various species of grain, though corn also may be raised with advantage. The manufactures are chiefly those of linen and kelp, which last indeed is the grand article of produce, and has been exported in some years to the value of 30,000*l*. Under this head also may be included the fisheries, which may be carried to any extent, and with prodigious advantage. According to our author, if all these branches were pushed to even an inconsiderable degree of improvement, ' the Orkney Islands, instead of being a neglected and comparatively useless province, would soon be made a valuable part of the British empire.' Whether the Utopian views of Dr. Barry are ever likely to be realised we cannot pretend to determine, but one thing is clear, that these islands have languished under the most unfavourable circumstances, have been treated with uniform neglect, and that the patriotic wishes and exertions of the reverend writer for the amelioration of their condition, deserve the warmest approbation on our part, and we hope will

meet patronage in a quarter where it may be more useful to find it.

We now bid adieu to the History of the Orkneys, on which we are disposed to bestow no inconsiderable portion of commendation. In it are contained a store of valuable and curious but neglected facts, well fitted to amuse the hours of leisure with a wholesome and agreeable recreation, and adapted no less for the consideration of those who penetrate beyond the surface of human affairs, and foresee, with the sagacity of just speculation, the future welfare of provinces and of nations. The style is generally simple, not often marked with peculiar beauties, though the desire of fine writing seems to have dwelled in the mind of the author, and to have produced various attempts at metaphor and comparison, which can be regarded at the best as slight specks on a work generally estimable.

---

ART. II.—*Strictures and Remarks on the Earl of Selkirk's Observations on the Present State of the Highlands of Scotland, with a View of the Causes and probable Consequences of Emigration.* By Robert Brown, Esq. Sheriff-substitute of the Western District of Inverness-shire: 8vo. Murray. 1806.

IN the Critical Review for August, 1805, we offered to our readers a brief inquiry into the merits of a recent publication of the Earl of Selkirk, entitled 'Observations on the present State of the Highlands of Scotland, with a View to the Causes and probable Consequences of Emigration.' It will be recollected that we expressed our unqualified approbation of the clear, argumentative, and ingenious manner in which the noble author had treated a subject of some delicacy and considerable difficulty. We acknowledged our acquiescence in the general statements he afforded, of the changes which have for some time been operating in the condition of the Highland peasantry, in consequence chiefly of the progress of civil and agricultural improvement. The facts which Lord Selkirk adduced from a great number and variety of sources, the candour with which he detailed, and the ability with which he directed them to the purpose of his investigation, wrought on our minds a conviction that they were derived from the soundest authority. However we might differ from the noble writer on some very material arguments of his work, we accorded our entire belief in the fairness of his representations, and even ventured to encounter his positions on the ground

which he himself had marked out. Nor was our confidence in his statements the result of cursory or incautious observation. Their agreement with the various published and unpublished accounts occasionally submitted to our attention, their mutual corroboration, and general correspondence throughout a long series of events, aided by the presumption in favour of uncommon talents, industry, and reputation, constituted in our opinion a body of evidence, not easy to be confronted and hardly possible to subdue. With some pain therefore, and with much doubt, we entered on the perusal of a declared refutation both of the principles and the facts of Lord Selkirk's inquiry. The author of this reply has very judiciously exposed his name and occupation on the title page of his pamphlet; for although we ourselves are incompetent to estimate the degree of credit respectively due to them, yet we conceive they may afford to Lord Selkirk and others, who have embarked widely in these investigations, some guide to their judgment of a work most penuriously sparing of authorities and references.

Mr. Brown professes to examine Lord Selkirk's book in the regular order of its parts. From the confusion, however, inseparable from a hasty performance, he has not preserved a very concise or disciplined method of investigation; we have had frequent difficulties in ascertaining his design, and still more frequent disappointment in searching for the inconsistency of many of his positions with those to which they are opposed. The remarks commence in the following manner:

'On my arrival in Edinburgh a few days ago, a friend favoured me with a perusal of Lord Selkirk's work, entitled, "Observations on the present State of the Highlands of Scotland, with a View of the Causes and probable Consequences of Emigration."

'Feeling an interest in the prosperity of the Highlands, where my lot is cast, I read the book with attention, and beg leave to lay before the public a few remarks upon it.

'I am far from pretending to controvert any of his lordship's theories, borrowed from received systems of political economy, of which I do not profess to be a judge. But I am bold to maintain, that these theories are wholly inapplicable to the present state of the Highlands; or, rather, that that state has changed so rapidly of late years, as wholly to elude their grasp.

'I hope to make it evident to every candid reader, that his lordship's knowledge of the Highlands is very superficial; that his information was chiefly derived from persons who had no partiality towards their own country; and that his lordship, misled by the partial examination of a district or two, made a sweeping conclusion, that all the Highlands and isles were in the same state.

'That so far from the Highlands and isles being overstocked with inhabitants, so as to require emigration, these countries require the aid of new settlers to stock them properly, and to convert to profit all those sources of industry which nature presents.

'That the authorities on which his lordship founds his arguments are obsolete and wholly inapplicable to the present state of the Highlands and isles; and that, in fact, no authority older than ten years is admissible.

'That every industrious man may find a comfortable subsistence for himself and family in the Highlands and isles; and, with respect to those who will not work, we should be obliged to the Earl of Selkirk, and others who wish to stock their estates on the other side of the Atlantic, to take them from us.'

The reader who expects to find in Mr. Brown's pamphlet an adequate or satisfactory acquittal of the various obligations which he has here voluntarily imposed upon himself, will infallibly be disappointed. How far the vigour of the attack corresponds with the fierceness of the menace, a short inquiry may tend to disclose. As the writer declares that the '*only* object he has in view is to set the public right with regard to *facts*, which he states from *local* knowledge,' it behoved him to be encompassed on all sides with specific documents, authorities, and references. If it was his wish to set the public *right*, in contradiction to former impressions, it is manifest that he conceived them to be already in the *wrong*; and if they were wrong in point of *fact*, the conclusion is obvious that they had been intentionally or unintentionally deceived. That public, however, has derived its information from the very clear and candid representations of Lord Selkirk; and it were but doing common justice to the noble writer, and common respect to general opinion, to adduce frequent and attested evidences in support of a controversy, thus involving the credibility of an individual most highly respectable, and the decision of the public in general on a question of the first moment. As the contest now exhibits itself, the most impartial spectator cannot fail to rest his expectations of success with the party who first appeared in the field, accoutred with arms, not indeed at all points, or absolutely impenetrable, but prepared for a longer resistance than the stoutest champion, naked as his present adversary, can maintain.

The '*Strictures*' commence with a somewhat petulant attack upon Lord Selkirk for having declared that he exerted his ability to direct the current of Highland emigration to our own settlements, in preference to those of the United States of America. The author's contradiction carries with

it the air of an impeachment of the noble writer's veracity, and is even made a subject of some impertinent reflections on his lordship's well known 'disinterested and patriotic views;' whereas the counter-statement of Mr. Brown amounts merely to this, that in many parts and among many classes of Highlanders there could, in his own opinion, be no occasion for Lord Selkirk to labour at enforcing a line of conduct which they were themselves sufficiently disposed to pursue. The merit however of his exertions in this respect, which the pamphlet-writer is studious to decry, might depend either on the difficulties he had to encounter in directing the views of the *individuals* with whom he acted, or the permanence which he gave to a desultory sentiment among the community at large; whilst the distinguished and original merit of what he has *written* on the subject, consists in his having established a favourite predilection on the basis of sound reason and prudence. His accuser will therefore pardon us if we pay the tribute of confidence and approbation to the correct and unassuming narrative contained in the 'Observations.'

Mr. Brown next proceeds to advert to Lord Selkirk's representation of the present condition of the Highland peasantry. Those changes which the modern system of labour and dependence, of civil, commercial, and agricultural advancement, have slowly wrought among the people of the north of Scotland, are stated by his lordship to be now arrived, in many parts, at a great and pressing crisis. The overgrown population which formerly issued from habits of clanship, from the pride of a numerous tenantry, from the local residence and unthrifty notions of great landlords, has already received a powerful check or considerable diversion, in consequence of the progressive disuse of those habits and notions. But in proportion as such changes have been rapid, the difficulties of transplanting or adjusting the superfluous population have increased. Of late, throughout a great part of the country, small farms have been laid together and converted into large ones, considerable tracts of land have been turned into sheep-walks, and whole tribes and villages have been removed from their ancient seats. Many great proprietors have already effected their new arrangements and completed a new system. Others are approaching in various order to a completion of their labours; and we are informed by the Earl of Selkirk, that the revolutions of this nature, which have been operating for some time, have now in many parts arrived at a period of considerable and distressing perplexity. These statements are supported by abundant facts and indisputable



authorities : yet his partial opponent declaims against their validity ; and without adducing a single document in his favour, appears even to confute himself in the following vague and peremptory contradiction :

‘ To save repetition, it may be proper to remark, that the change which his lordship sometimes describes as advancing, and sometimes to be at this moment at a crisis, is already past. The change alluded to, is from the wild and disorderly state of feudal barbarism, or rather of clanship, to the security produced by the extension of the power of general government and law; a change from idleness and rapine to peace and industry. This change, I maintain, is now effected ; and all that his lordship says about it, in the progress of his work, convinces me, that he has formed his opinion more from books, or from tradition, than from actual inspection of the state of the Highlands.’

It is somewhat unfortunate for Mr. Brown’s argument, and depreciates the value of his treatise, that by denying the present derangement and partial superfluities of population in the Highlands, he has annihilated all question respecting the proper policy of its disposal ; a subject which occupies the far greater and more important part of his inquiries. The conduct of the writer in this and other proceedings betrays more animosity than prudence ; but we should be unwilling to derogate from the intrinsic force of his reasonings because they are sometimes misplaced, or couched in terms needlessly hostile and severe. This attempt to demonstrate that emigration to foreign settlements is an expedient neither required by necessity nor recommended by sound policy, may at least be deemed laudable, and we are disposed to add, in many respects satisfactory. It may be recollected, that in our former remarks on Lord Selkirk’s ‘ Observations,’ we stated at some length our reasons for preferring almost every other practical mode of disposing of the superfluous population of the Highlands, to that of distant or permanent emigration. Of the resources open to those, who are compelled to quit their ancient habitations in consequence of the new systems of engrossing farms and extending sheep pastures, the following were enumerated as the principal and most inviting : The cultivation of waste lands : Agricultural and manufacturing labour in the lowlands of Scotland and various parts of England ; The extension of the fisheries on the coast of Scotland : The recruiting of the army : The execution of public works, such as canals, high roads, &c. : Emigrations to our own or other settlements abroad. On each of these means of employing the population, which is now in various parts separating from its native soil, we offered a few remarks. The result of our judgment, contrary to

that of Lord Selkirk, was given in favour of any one or all of the expedients enumerated (excepting the last) in preference to that extreme resource of emigration. The question, however, respecting the adoption of these expedients, is a matter not of choice but of necessity, and the noble author has been at great pains to demonstrate, that all other means but emigration are either inadequate or unappropriate to the exigencies of the country. Without questioning the correctness or candour of his statements, we found some scope for doubting the validity of his reasoning; and we exposed with freedom his too partial bias towards the system in which he himself had extensively and not unsuccessfully embarked. Mr. Brown embraces opinions on this subject which, in a great measure, accord with our own; but by denying or concealing the truth, that considerable tracts of population have been and are still likely to be dispossessed by the new measure of engrossing farms, he renders his own scheme of policy utterly nugatory. We shall insert his words;

‘The mountainous Highland districts have never been populous; for, in fact, the great mass of Highland population has always been accumulated on the sea-shores of the Mainland and isles, or on the numerous bays and lochs which intersect that country. The remaining and lesser division of the population, in the interior of the Highlands remote from the sea, is situated in glens and valleys, intersected by rivers, or on the margin of fresh-water lakes, which can only be considered as extensions of rivers.

‘There may be some truth in what his lordship asserts, that it may be more for the interest of a landlord to consign large tracts of land to one tenant, and to dispossess the small occupier, where such land is situated in an inland country: I say this may be done in certain cases; but I could quote instances, in the interior Highlands, directly in the face of his lordship’s whole argument. These cases refer to the conduct of gentlemen, who, having stocked their mountains with sheep, without dispossessing a single tenant; and, being influenced by no nonsensical ideas about clanship, invited strangers to settle upon their property, built houses for them, furnished them with seed, and with lime or marle during a limited period. These occupiers had a portion of waste land assigned them, rent-free during a certain period; after which the rent was to rise progressively during the existence of their tenures. Such bargains, as far as they have come to my knowledge, have uniformly proved beneficial to both the parties. While the landlord laid the foundation of progressive increase of wealth to himself or family, the tenant also, by having the full advantage of his industry, soon emerged from poverty to comparative wealth, and thus added to the permanent capital of the nation,

‘ Nor is the engrossing or enlarging of farms, when crops are the principal object, so hurtful to population as his lordship seems to apprehend; provided this engrossing have the effect of extending the cultivated surface, and of rendering the former arable lands more productive. It is true, as his lordship justly states, useless mouths may be discarded; but the joint operation of capital and skill, will put in motion a greater proportion of useful labourers. A man cannot drain swamps, inclose fields, remove stones and other obstructions, and substitute useful crops in place of barren heath, without employing more hands than operated before. In other districts it has been found, that engrossing of farms, against which there was so much outcry, when accompanied with an increase of produce, occasioned more hands to be employed on these farms, than when they were occupied in patches by a number of small tenants. For confirmation of this fact, his lordship is referred to the late Reverend Dr. Robertson’s treatise on the size of farms, published by the Board of Agriculture, and to the survey of Mid-Lothian by George Robinson, Esq.

‘ Such districts of the Highlands, therefore, as are favourable for the production of crops by the improved mode of agriculture, as the principal object, are likely to suffer no diminution of population by the enlargement of farms. But, exclusive of sheep-farms, we shall have occasion to show, that by far the greatest proportion of that country is best adapted for farms of various, though mostly of small size.

There is a singular obscurity and uncertainty in the argument of the preceding clauses. A faint attempt to deny the fact of dispossession is unaccountably coupled with a provisional scheme for the occupation of those who are dispossessed. Now the fact is obvious and unconditional. Wherever the engrossing of farms has been adopted, a certain population has been removed from its ancient seat; and the number thus removed must bear an exact proportion to the extent of land engrossed, and the individuals previously maintained upon it. Both Lord Selkirk and the pamphlet-writer are agreed in this opinion, that considerable tracts of Highland territory, formerly occupied by numerous small farms, have recently been converted into open and uninhabited pastures; they are agreed also that these changes are likely to be still more extensively adopted: but whilst Lord Selkirk pauses at this statement, to inquire into the most eligible modes of employing the dismissed farmers, the pamphlet-writer goes on to specify particular districts or individual estates, where these farmers have been employed in the cultivation of waste land, or in other occupations similar to those which they had quitted. The one assumes a general position from singular and partial examples, the other extends his ground so widely as to embrace these examples only as casual exceptions; the

former infers general success from particular good fortune, whilst the latter is anxious to secure his countrymen from the delusions of hope founded only on peculiar chances. There can be little hesitation in pronouncing the views of Lord S. to be more enlarged and sagacious than those of Mr. Brown; although the latter gentleman may be judiciously employed in controverting the respective arguments or statements of the former. Mr. Brown is doubtless correct in declaring, that the peasantry dismissed from newly engrossed farms have in many instances been continued in the service of their landlords, by directing their labour to the cultivation of waste lands, or the further improvement of land already cultivated.

That this resource, however, cannot be in the reach of all dispossessed tenantry, is obvious from a moment's reflection; and that it may be within the reach of a *very few* is rendered probable from the following considerations: Either the landlord may have no possessions in waste land, or his possessions may be too scanty to occupy his supernumerary hands. His capital (a common case) may be wholly invested in the lands which he has already under culture, and he may therefore be unable to supply his tenantry with the requisite stock and assistance for the inclosure and fertilization of barren ground. Possessed of abundant capital, he may wish to employ it in improvements which occupy few hands; or lastly, with every circumstance in his favour he may want the prudence or inclination to adopt the measure of policy here proposed. On all these accounts, therefore, we cannot but consider the confidence of Mr. Brown in the adequacy of his plan to meet all the exigencies of depopulation, as inconsiderate and unmeasured; whilst on the other hand, Lord Selkirk may be open to the charge of under-rating the importance and practicability of this individual resource. An impartial inquirer may perhaps suspend his decision, until more elaborate, authentic, and specific statements are adduced; and it may in the mean time satisfy the zeal of Lord Selkirk's opponents to re-assure them, that not only his lordship, but the whole world, are fully disposed to accede to this opinion, that the employment of dispossessed tenantry in the inclosure and further improvement of land, will commonly be the wisest, whenever it is a practicable scheme of policy. Mr. Brown gives a flattering view of this practicability:

"A numerous and increasing population increases the quantity of cultivated land, which would otherwise remain waste. In many parts of the north-west highlands and isles, the quantity of cultivated land has been doubled, within the memory of many people alive, by the improvement of moss and barren ground. When an

increasing population requires an addition of cultivated land, it is common for the inhabitants of farms on the coast, to take in a large tract of adjacent moss, which, being all manured with shell-sand or sea-weeds, of which there is always on these coasts an inexhaustible abundance, in the course of being cropped for two or three years, will equal in value any other part of the farm. A still more common practice is, when tenants become too numerous on the cultivated part of a farm, for one or two of them to remove to some other part on the sea-coast, and there form a new settlement. In the course of fifteen or twenty years, by the accession of new settlers, and by the early marriages of the children of the first settlers, this new colony equals in population and value the original farm from which it was detached. It is a fact worthy of notice, that in one parish of the Long Island, about forty years ago, the east side of the country, which borders with the sea, and is there wholly moss, had only about ten families settled upon it. Instead of ten families, that tract has now a population of nine hundred souls; while the population of the other side of the parish, instead of being diminished, has increased. In other parishes of the Long Island, though the numbers cannot be so exactly ascertained, the population has increased from the same cause, and at least to an equal extent.

‘As the land already cultivated bears but a very small proportion to the extent which is capable of culture, it will require an increased population, and a length of time, to effect the necessary improvement. The people have no occasion to cross the Atlantic to cultivate waste lands, because they can be furnished with abundance of employment, in this way, at home.’

Mr. Brown is of opinion that the extension of commerce and manufactures, even in the Highlands and Isles of Scotland, opens a wide field of resource for dispossessed tenantry. His reasoning on this head, however, is unquestionably vague and desultory. Whatever changes the slow progress of a century may effect in the manufacturing industry or commercial enterprize of those regions, it is an undeniable truth that they could not be effected in time to meet the present exigencies of depopulation; and it may even be doubted whether it will ever become the interest of those barren, inaccessible and thinly peopled territories, to embark widely in commercial undertakings. Our author is more anxious to contradict than to disprove the statements of Lord Selkirk. But few, we apprehend, who have attentively considered the matter, will acquiesce in the fairness or policy of his speculations. He has with more truth and with keener penetration, disclosed the practicability of extending the fisheries on the coast of Scotland and its isles. To this part of his inquiry we are disposed to give much praise. His facts and statements, however, differ so widely from those



of Lord Selkirk, that we pause in the expectation of more specific evidence to sustain them, before we finally accord our belief in their correctness. Mr. Brown is desirous to prove that by annexing to the occupation of fishing, the cultivation of a small tract of land by each fisherman, the evils incident to a singularly precarious mode of life would be certainly obviated; and that numbers might be induced from this security to embrace an adventurous though lucrative means of subsistence.

Speaking of the shares of land allotted to each family employed in the fisheries, the writer says:

‘That these lots of land are not so small, nor, in general, so unproductive as some people imagine, may appear from this, that there are several of Mr. Macdonald’s tenants, who, preferring to follow out the improvement of their lots of land, in the first instance, to the fisheries, have this last year sold such quantities of potatoes and grain, as did much more than pay their rents, and that, too, raised from lots or portions of *farms*, which formerly, with a similar number of tenants, never were known to raise a crop sufficient to supply themselves \*.

‘On the coast of Lewis, a very great number of the small tenants follow the cod and ling fishery; while, in the village of Stornaway, which has been established one hundred and fifty years, there are not six fishing boats in all. In many parts of Lewis, an equal number is fitted out by the tenants of a trifling farm. It is needless to say any thing of the villages of Tobermory or Ullapool, for scarcely a boat is fitted out, for this species of fishing, at either; while all along the sea-coast of the Mainland, and in the numerous isles, boats are successfully employed by the tenantry who reside in the vicinity of the sea. Whatever may be Lord Selkirk’s opinion, or that of practical men, as he calls them, experience shows, that they have formed very erroneous opinions, which they must retract when they are divested of prejudice, and acquire more correct notions from existing facts. It has already been hinted, that not only in the West Highlands, but along the shores of the Moray Frith, the fishers are accommodated with small lots of land; so that the reverse of his lordship’s doctrine is clearly established by fact.

‘As to the herring fishery, in so far as it can be carried on by boats, it must be by people residing in the Highlands, who have a holding of lands. The herring fishery is much more precarious than the cod or ling fishery. Some years the fish visit the coast in

---

\* I understand Mr. Macdonald, who, I hope, will excuse my mentioning it, has been in the practice, during several years past, of keeping a regular journal of the improvements carrying on upon his estate. It contains much valuable information concerning the cod, ling, and herring fisheries, and the best modes of carrying them on with vigour and success, which it might prove useful to lay before the public.’

smaller quantities than in others. Some years they only remain a few months, or even a few weeks. These circumstances point out strongly the necessity of a small farm, even to those who are possessed of boats and materials for this kind of fishery. Without this, their situation must prove truly unpleasant, and their sustenance precarious. At most, the fishing lasts only a few months in the year; so that during the rest of the year the fisherman may work at his farm; and when he is at the fishing, the farm labour may be carried on by the remainder of his family.

'In the Isle of Mann it is the small farmers who carry on the herring fishery. A few of them join stocks, and purchase a boat, which is generally from fifteen to twenty-five tons burden, and half decked. They procure a sufficient train of nets. At first they go far out to sea, and afterwards follow the herrings when they approach the coast; and their operations are generally successful. As it is only for a certain period of the year that the fishing lasts, they contrive to carry on their farming concerns, it may be said, almost without interruption.

'So far from the fisheries being incapable of affording employment to many additional hands, (as hinted p. 184.), it is a certain fact, that, were the salt regulations so framed, that this necessary article might be procured free of all duty and restraint of every kind colonies of Dutchmen, and even of Americans, with large capitals, have expressed a desire to settle in the West Highlands, and to prosecute the fisheries. The period of the herring fishery is likely to be extended, by adopting the method pursued by the people of the Isle of Mann, who, like the Dutch, go out and catch them in the open sea, early in the season, and continue the pursuit after they come upon the shores, or into bays.'

We shall conclude our remarks on Mr. Brown's pamphlet by again urging upon our readers the considerations we formerly stated as the result of our candid examination.—These opinions have been neither altered nor modified by the representations of that writer, with whom, nevertheless, we accord in many important respects. But whilst we praise the zeal, we must censure the asperity of his conduct, throughout the whole performance; whilst we acknowledge the force of his weightiest arguments, we reprobate with severity the ill-will he has displayed, and the impertinencies he has occasionally indulged, in arraigning the motives and conduct of his most amiable and respectable opponent. We sincerely hope that his leisure and inclination will prompt him to the accomplishment of his present design, to give the world a more ample and satisfactory demonstration of his doctrines.

In respect to the various modes of disposing of the super-

abundant population of the Highlands, we are of opinion, as we stated in our former criticism, that the first regard should be had for those resources which are calculated to withdraw the least useful part of the community, and at the same time to afford the occupation most consistent with their ancient habits and the benefit of their country. These in order of importance are, 1st, Agricultural employments, whether of inclosing waste land, or improving the fertility of what is already cultivated: 2dly, The extension of the fisheries on the coast and isles of Scotland, in conjunction with the occupation of small lots of improveable ground: 3dly, Manufacturing labour in the south of Scotland or in England: 4thly, Recruiting of the armies of the united kingdom, or the execution of great public works, as canals, highways, &c.: and last of all, Foreign emigration, whether to our own settlements or those of the United States of America. Until the preference among these different resources be finally and satisfactorily established, the laws of sound policy seem to us to require, that all the various means of livelihood which nature or accident may furnish, shall be left open to the unbiassed choice of those who are to enter upon them. To obviate prejudices and to remove obstructions which may lie in the way of this free choice, is, for the present, the wisest and most profitable business that we can engage in; whilst every effort that aims not at this object, will inevitably tend to disturb the balance of open and universal competition.

---

ART. III.—*A Practical Treatise on various Diseases of the Abdominal Viscera. By Christopher Robert Pemberton, M.D. F.R.S. 8vo. Nicol. 1806.*

AUTHORS have followed two methods of cultivating the science of medicine, which are analogous to the analytic and synthetic methods of the mathematicians. The first consists in the relation of cases, illustrative of the symptoms of disease, or of the operation of remedies in individual examples: the second takes a more general survey of the signs of disease, and the methods of cure common to multitudes of individual cases, denominated and arranged in a certain order, which has been generally received, or is more particularly adapted to the views of the writer. Each of these methods has its peculiar advantages and defects. The first seems the best adapted to the discovery or illustration of new truths; the second, to the expounding of those

which are already known. An union of both these methods is, perhaps, still more instructive; of which some admirable examples are to be found among the earliest records of the art, in the writings attributed to Hippocrates.

Dr. Pemberton has, in the work before us, preferred the method of general description to the testimony afforded by the recital of particular cases. It is certainly more suited to the design of his work; though we are far from thinking with him, that the species of conviction is in both cases equal. In truth, in the latter case, the evidence rests entirely on our opinion of the writer, the facts on which his judgment is founded being entirely withheld.

But every author has a right to select the manner in which he thinks that he can most usefully instruct the public; and we cheerfully acknowledge, that Dr. Pemberton has performed the task he has assigned to himself, that of giving a practical treatise on the symptoms and treatment of the more common diseases of the abdominal viscera, with great credit to himself, and that his work will be very useful to the young practitioner. It is divided into chapters, not according to any systematic arrangement; and the different diseases of the same organ have given occasion to a subdivision of many of those chapters. As the matter contained in it is therefore of great variety and extent, we must content ourselves with some remarks on particular parts, to which we think it useful to call the attention of our readers, or occasionally that of the author himself.

In the first chapter Dr. P. very properly notices the *chronic inflammation* of the *peritonæum*, a disease which is of frequent occurrence, and but slightly touched upon by systematic writers. This attack differs much from that of the acute species; it advances by degrees, manifesting itself only by occasional superficial pricking pains, with some tension of the abdomen, without producing any inclination to go to stool. There are febrile symptoms; but without any distinct evening paroxysms, or any hectic flushes on the cheeks: on the contrary the countenance is full of languor, and the face pale and doughy. This condition terminates sometimes by fatal and acute peritoneal inflammation; sometimes by a destruction of the organization of the parts; often by effusion of water into the cavity of the abdomen. It demands then the anxious attention of the practitioner, as being equally dangerous and insidious. The treatment consists in the use of a milk and vegetable diet, in abstaining from fermented liquors, in taking away blood once or twice a week, to the quantity of six ounces, either from the

arm, or from the skin of the abdomen, and in keeping the bowels regularly open once or twice a day. We think this chapter very judicious.

Chap. II. The Liver. When matter is formed in consequence of inflammation of the liver, Dr. P. advises that the moment any tumour is discovered which gives the sensation of fluctuation, it should be opened by a small orifice. Is this advice consistent with what he has admitted in the paragraph immediately preceding, 'that we have not, by any management, the smallest controul in directing the most advantageous route for the matter to pass off?' We advert to it also more particularly, as we have seen much mischief from the activity of surgeons in opening these abscesses; and the advantage gained has always appeared very problematical. The opening of an abscess of this nature into the abdomen is extremely rare, and the case where it occurs would most probably have proved fatal under any management. We wish, therefore, practitioners seriously to reflect, whether nature is not commonly equal to that execution of her own purposes, and whether they are not likely to do more harm than good, by an officious interference with her processes. The operation in question we would never recommend, unless it were for the purpose of relieving some great and urgent distress.

In treating on the diseases of the kidneys, (Chap. XII. p. 82.) Dr. Pemberton thinks he has discovered a method of detecting the seat of obscure diseases of the abdominal viscera, by considering the functions of the various parts. 'The glands of the body,' he observes, 'are divided into those which secrete a fluid from the blood, for the use of the system, and those which secrete a fluid to be discharged from it. The former may be termed glands of supply; the latter, glands of waste. The glands which secrete a fluid to be employed in the system, as well as the glands of direct supply, may be considered the liver, the pancreas, the mesenteric glands, perhaps the stomach, and the small intestines: and the glands of waste are the kidneys, breasts, exhalant arteries, and the large intestines.' He further lays it down as a principle, that the diseases of the glands of supply are attended with emaciation; whereas, in the diseases of the glands of waste, the bulk of the body is not diminished. By considering the subject in this point of view, we may be assisted, he thinks, in approaching to the seat of a chronic disorder, by deciding, where the disorder is not situated; and, consequently, by contracting within narrower limits the difficulties of our researches.



This speculation is both novel and ingenious, but we doubt whether it is built on a solid foundation. Emaciation takes place often to an extreme degree, when the parts subservient to digestion, the glands of supply, as Dr. Pemberton terms them, are perfect, or are acting with extraordinary vigour. Pain will of itself sometimes waste the body, as the author himself confesses. 'But here,' he replies, 'the wasting seems to vary according to the part from which it proceeds. A stone in the bladder of urine, or in the kidneys, nearly stopping the discharge of urine and occasioning the greatest pain, will not in the least affect the bulk.' A strange assertion indeed! Let Dr. Pemberton consult Morgagni. In the forty-second epistle, Art. 20, he will find the history of a girl, who died of a disease of the bladder, from a calculus formed upon a bodkin, introduced into the urethra. Among the other symptoms he enumerates a *great wasting of the flesh*; and he adds expressly, that the *carcase seemed to be a skeleton covered with skin*. Equally fallacious we regard the assertion, that 'in scirrhus of the rectum, there is no emaciation:' p. 32. Doubtless such cases have occurred. But it were easy to oppose to them contradictory observations, (we have at this moment one in our eye,) which prove, that the circumstance of emaciation is accidental, and independent of the seat of the local affection. But to overthrow this whole doctrine we have only to quote a very curious case, which Dr. Pemberton has himself given us in another part of his work:

'I have seen a large scirrhus in the stomach (*one of the glands of supply*), near the pylorus, with an open cancer in one part of it, which had made its way through the stomach, through the left lobe of the liver (*another of the glands of supply*), and an adhesion had taken place between the sides of the abscess in the peritonæum; so that had not the patient been taken off by a disease in the aorta, I have no doubt but that this abscess would have made its way out through the integuments of the abdomen. Still, however, though this must have been a disease of very long standing, *the body was but little emaciated*, and the patient had never shewn any one symptom, by which such a disease of the stomach could possibly have been suspected.'

After such a history, we hope to hear no more of this piece of theory.

In the treatment of that species of palsy of the hands, which is produced by the poison of lead, Dr. P. has made use of an ingenious mechanical contrivance, adapted to place the muscles in a favourable state for recovering their power.

It is a splint, made somewhat in the form of a battledore, to be fastened under the fore-arm, and continued to the extremities of the fingers. The object of this instrument is to take off the weight, appended to the extremities of the muscles, under the idea that this weight is a principal obstacle to the restoration of the muscular power. In the first trial, the splint was applied to the right arm only, and the result was as follows :

‘ In one month from the first application, I had the satisfaction to find, that the right hand was able to raise an eight ounce weight into a line with the fore-arm, by the power of the extensor muscles; whereas, at this time, the left hand remained as perfectly paralytic as before. In five weeks more the extensor muscles of the right hand had regained their natural strength: but the left hand remained perfectly paralytic.

‘ In order to ascertain how far this improvement could be conceived to have arisen from any change in the constitution, and not from the local means here used, I discharged the patient from the hospital for one month, at the end of which time he returned with the left hand still perfectly paralytic, but the right hand enjoying its full and natural powers. The splint was now applied to the left hand, and in seven weeks the power of the extensor muscles of that hand also was perfectly restored.’

In other cases of paralysis, which seemed to have arisen merely from a mechanical cause, but which were independent of any absorption of lead, he was disappointed by finding that this mechanical application afforded no relief.

We think that Dr. Pemberton has been least successful in those parts of his work, in which he has not wholly confided in his own powers. Under the head of *Febris infantum remittens* he has copied pretty closely (not without acknowledgment) Dr. Butler's treatise under this title; an author, whose pathological descriptions we cannot approve. This writer seems to have confounded, under the common name of remittent fever, a variety of diseases, requiring different and even opposite modes of treatment. He is one of that class of medical writers, who fancy that they describe accurately when they crowd together a multitude of symptoms, which are common to all diseases of the same order. Such descriptions serve to perplex more than to instruct; to conceal the ignorance of the writer as to the proper seat and real nature of the disease he has undertaken to depict; and, under an imposing name, to supersede the necessity of accurate and scientific discrimination. If we except the article in question, Dr. Pemberton's work is wholly exempt from this fault.

*Enteritis* and *peritonitis* ought, we think, to have been considered as varieties of the same disease: they often exist together, and at other times they run into one another so closely, that it is impossible to draw an exact line of discrimination between them: they require too essentially the same method of cure. In the treatment of *enteritis*, Dr. P. has recommended, in the advanced stage, the smoke of tobacco, or an infusion of the leaves, to be injected, to procure evacuations. We cannot recommend this practice, having commonly found so much distress produced by it, that few can be induced to submit to the repetition of it. The notion that this disease is wholly caused by the want of stools, a notion which has given rise so much to the use and the abuse of strong purgatives in inflammations of the bowels, we esteem a pernicious error. When the inflammation is removed, the bowels commonly recover their powers spontaneously, the secretions are duly performed, and evacuations are easily procured. The sole object of the practitioner in the first and dangerous stages, should be to remove the inflammation; and till this is effected, we deem all drastic and irritating purgatives to be always misapplied, and to be often highly detrimental.

Upon the whole Dr. Pemberton has presented the medical world with an able and an useful work. His subject and design precluded the introduction of much novelty, either speculative or practical. But his descriptions are concise and luminous, his diagnostic signs are clear and definite, his practice judicious, decisive, and efficacious. We think that the young practitioner cannot follow a better guide in some of the most arduous situations, in which he will be placed by his professional duties.

ART. IV.—*The Wanderer of Switzerland, and other Poems, by James Montgomery. Small 8vo. London. Vernor and Hood. 1805.*

WE acquiesce without reserve in the sentiment of the ingenious poet, that 'no new publication awakens less curiosity than a volume of poems by an unknown author.' A severe critic might be disposed to add, that such indifference testifies the good taste of a discerning public. It were needless to expose, and fruitless to bewail the irksome duties of our office, as examiners of the ordinary wares set up for sale under the abused title of poesy. But we shall not be charged, at least, with ostentatious candour, if we

acknowledge that, wearied with the labour and disappointment of searching vain pretensions, we pause with satisfaction on the grateful refreshment afforded by the claims of genuine merit. Possibly, however, our commendations may be too lavish, because excited by the edge of contrast, or we may indulge the sentiment of admiration too freely, from its long and reluctant bondage to austerity.

The volume before us, whose obscure exterior is not formed to attract the notice of the curious, consists of a small collection of poems, addressed to different subjects in various measure. Some of them have already appeared and been admired in other collections; but the principal piece, 'The Wanderer of Switzerland,' is now for the first time presented to the world. The author, Mr. James Montgomery, has incidentally disclosed that he is a printer at Sheffield. A well attested report has reached our ears that his name is known to a political party, by the commission of some imprudencies for which he formerly incurred the penalty of imprisonment. Some of his poems, and one in particular which is supposed to relate especially to his own condition, may satisfy the reader that the poet is no unenlightened adherent to a certain sect of religious enthusiasts. But it is the characteristic both of religious and political fanaticism to reveal itself only by fits; and the jealous admirer of loyalty and sound doctrine, may venture with little sacrifice to peruse the pages of Mr. Montgomery's effusions.

'The Wanderer of Switzerland,' says the poet, 'the first and longest essay in this collection, has a peculiar claim on the liberality of criticism. Whatever its fate or its character may be, it is neither written in the spirit, nor after the manner of any preceding poet. An heroic subject is celebrated in a lyric measure, on a dramatic plan. To unite with the majesty of epic song, the fire, rapidity, and compression of the ode, and give to both the grace and variety of earnest impassioned conversation, would be an enlargement of the boundaries of Parnassus. In such an adventure, success would be immortality; and failure itself, in the present instance, is consecrated by the boldness of the first attempt. Under these circumstances, The Wanderer of Switzerland will be hospitably received by every lover of the Muses: and though the poet may have been as unfortunate as his hero, the infirmities of both will be forgiven for the courage which each has displayed. The historical fact alluded to in this narrative, may be found in the *Supplement to Coxe's Travels*, and in *Planta's History of the Helvetic Confederacy*.'

To celebrate an heroic subject in a lyric manner, and according to a dramatic plan, is undoubtedly a novel and by no means easy species of composition. The poet, however, has no

aimed at the highest order of that species. His piece is short, the characters introduced are few in number, the incidents confined, and the plot pretty nearly comprized in a single historical fact. Let it not, however, be supposed that we wish to depreciate the merit of his attempt. There is some originality in the design, and considerable success in the execution; but we doubt whether the design be adapted to a larger subject, or a greater genius. The undisciplined measure, the wild irregularity of composition, so well suited to the fire and rapidity of an ode, are also adapted only to the limit of a few striking images, and the purpose of kindling a transitory emotion. Nothing, it is obvious, gives more pain, not to say disgust, than an attempt to overstrain the feelings, or to keep them too long in agitation or suspense, when raised to an exalted pitch. But it is the purpose and perfection of lyric composition, to rush at once into the chamber of the passions, to excite with promptitude and skill their various movements, and by alternately rousing, soothing, or contrasting their violence, to harmonize their tumult, so as to produce the sensation of delight. To effect this purpose, there is no question that a short composition alone can be adapted; nor is it less manifest that such a design can be suited only to the expression of a few incidents, or at best of a rapid and broken narrative. These, therefore, we consider as absolute disqualifications for the use of the lyric *manner* in celebrating heroic subjects; and the use of the *measure* solely, can be deemed little else than a trick of indolence and bad taste.

We have stated our opinion that the author's efforts at poetical composition, by whatever denomination he may please to style them, have been attended with success, and merit the praise of original skill. But his skill consists chiefly in the care with which he has avoided false ornament, affected or trite phraseology, and common-place topics of declamation; and his success is principally marked in the simplicity and pathos of his narration. The lyric metre gives an air of spirit and variety, which is pleasing to the ear, and not ill adapted to the brevity of his subject. The story is as follows: A wanderer of Switzerland, considerably advanced in years, accompanied by his wife, his daughter and her young children, emigrate from their country, in consequence of its subjugation by the French in the year 1798. On their way they arrive at the cottage of a shepherd beyond the frontiers, where they are hospitably entertained. The shepherd entreats the wanderer to reveal his story; and the aged man commences the recital of circumstances relating to himself and kindred, interspersed with bitter reflections on the fallen condition of his native land. The guest is then



presented to a supper; and having finished his repast, he proceeds, at the desire of his host, to relate the sufferings and misfortunes of Switzerland during its invasion and conquest by France. This narrative occupies three of the *parts* into which the poem is divided. The uniformity of relation is interrupted by occasional dialogue, and embellished by beautiful and pathetic episode. Of the latter character is the account of the death of Albert, which succeeds the more general description of the battle of Underwalden, where the patriotic hero met the fate of his glorious resistance. The story is simply and beautifully told; and the pathos rises gradually to the close, when the daughter of the wanderer is discovered to be the wife of Albert, and her feelings are so wrought upon by the revival of the tragic circumstances, that she falls senseless on the ground, and remains for some time without the appearance of life. As the night advances the guests retire, and the wanderer, left alone with the shepherd, proceeds (in the two last *parts*) to relate his own adventures subsequent to the battle of Underwalden, and declares his resolution, after the example of many of his countrymen, to fly from the tyranny of France, and settle in some remote province of America.

Such is the general outline of the plan and purpose of the poem. The scheme is brief and simple, but judiciously devised; the topics are selected with skill and arranged with taste; and the whole, as well as the distinct parts of the composition manifest the hand of no common or feeble artist. To denominate it an epic poem, would be a misapplication, not to say degradation, of that respected title. The appellation of lyric is almost equally improper; and we leave our readers to determine by what title the poem is to be exposed to criticism or admiration. We shall select a few specimens from the different parts of the piece. The opening of the poem is simple and unaffected, and makes the reader at once acquainted with the general character of the performance.

\* *Shepherd.* "Wanderer! whither dost thou roam?  
Weary Wanderer, old and grey!  
Wherefore hast thou left thine home,  
In the sunset of thy day?"

\* *Wanderer.* "In the sunset of my day,  
Stranger! I have lost my home:  
Weary, wandering, old and grey,  
Therefore, therefore do I roam."

'Here mine arms a wife enfold,  
Fainting in their weak embrace;  
There my daughter's charms behold;  
Withering in that widow'd face.

'These her infants,—Oh! their Sire,  
Worthy of the race of TELL,  
In the battle's fiercest fire,  
—In his country's battle,—fell!"

' *Shep.* "Switzerland then gave thee birth?"  
' *Wand.* "Aye,—'twas Switzerland of yore;  
But, degraded spot of earth!  
Thou art Switzerland no more.

'O'er thy mountains, sunk in blood,  
Are the waves of ruin hurl'd;  
Like the waters of the flood,  
Rolling round a buried world."

' *Shep.* "Yet will Time the deluge stop;  
Then may Switzerland be blest:  
On St. Gothard's hoary top  
Shall the Ark of Freedom rest."

' *Wand.* "No!—Irreparably lost,  
On the day that made us slaves,  
Freedom's Ark, by tempests tost,  
Founder'd in the swallowing waves."

' *Shep.* "Welcome, Wanderer as thou art,  
All my blessings to partake;  
Yet thrice-welcome to my heart,  
For thine injured country's sake.

'On the western hills afar,  
Evening lingers with delight,  
While she views her favourite star,  
Brightening on the brow of night."

The following stanzas relate to the attack made by the French on the valley of Underwalden from the lake. After a desperate conflict, they were victoriously repelled, and two of their vessels containing five hundred men perished in the engagement. After marking the approach of the enemy, the poet breaks out:

'In a deluge upon land  
Burst their overwhelming might;  
Back we hurl'd them from the strand,  
Still returning to the fight.

'Still repulsed, their rage increased,  
Till the waves were warm with blood;  
Still repulsed, they never ceased,  
Till they founder'd in the flood.

For on that triumphant day,  
Underwalden's arms once more  
Broke Oppression's black array,  
Dash'd Invasion from her shore.

'Gaul's surviving barks retired,  
Muttering vengeance as they fled;  
Hope in us, by Victory fired,  
Raised our Spirits from the dead.

'From the dead our Spirits rose,  
To the dead they soon return'd;  
Bright, on its eternal close,  
Underwalden's glory burn'd.

'Star of Switzerland! whose rays  
Shed such sweet expiring light,  
Ere the Gallic comet's blaze  
Swept thy beauty into night:

'Star of Switzerland! thy fame  
No recording bard hath sung,  
Yet be thine immortal name  
Inspiration to my tongue!

'While the lingering moon delay'd  
In the wilderness of night,  
Ere the morn awoke the shade  
Into loveliness and light:—

'Gallia's tigers wild for blood,  
Darted on our sleeping fold;  
Down the mountains, o'er the flood,  
Dark as thunder-clouds they roll'd.'

We shall offer one further extract, which contains a description of the aged wanderer's emotions on quitting the field of battle, where he had been left by the enemy amidst a heap of slain, covered with the blood and reposing on the body of Albert, who had fallen in the defence of his aged father-in-law.

\* *Wand.* "Aye! my heart, unwont to yield,  
Quickly quell'd the strange affright,  
And undaunted o'er the field,  
I began my lonely flight.

'Loud the gusty night-wind blew;  
Many an awful pause between;  
Fits of light and darkness flew,  
Wild and sudden, o'er the scene.

'For the moon's resplendent eye  
Gleams of transient glory shed;  
And the clouds athwart the sky,  
Like a routed army fled.

' Sounds and voices fill'd the vale,  
Heard alternate, loud and low ;  
Shouts of victory swell'd the gale,  
But the breezes murmur'd woe.

' As I climb'd the mountain's side,  
Where the lake and valley meet,  
All my country's power and pride  
Lay in ruins at my feet.

' On that grim and ghastly plain,  
Underwalden's heart-strings broke,  
When she saw her heroes slain,  
And her rocks receive the yoke.

' On that plain, in childhood's hours,  
From their mother's arms set free,  
Oft these heroes gather'd flowers,  
Often chased the wandering bee.

' On that plain, in rosy youth,  
They had fed their fathers' flocks,  
Told their love, and pledged their truth,  
In the shadow of those rocks.

' There with shepherd's pipe and song,  
In the merry-mingling dance,  
Once they led their brides along,  
Now !——Perdition seize thee, France !''

But it is time to resign the Wanderer of Switzerland in order to recommend to the notice of our readers some of the smaller poems contained in the same volume. 'The Grave,' 'The Vigil of St. Mark,' 'The Ocean,' 'The Common Lot', and several others have considerable and original merit. We shall deviate into a single extract.—'The Grave.'

' There is a calm for those who weep,  
A rest for weary pilgrims found,  
They softly lie and sweetly sleep,  
Low in the ground.

' The storm, that wrecks the winter's k,  
No more disturbs their deep repose,  
Than summer evening's latest sigh,  
That shuts the rose,

' I long to lay this painful head  
And aching heart beneath the soil,  
To slumber in that dreamless bed  
From all my toil.

' For Misery stole me at my birth,  
And cast me hopeless on the wild,  
I perish ;—O my Mother Earth !  
Take home thy child !

' On thy dear lap these limbs reclined  
Shall gently moulder into thee ;  
Nor leave one wretched trace behind,  
Resembling me.

' Hark !—a strange sound affrights mine ear ;  
My pulse—my brains runs wild,—I rave :  
—Ah ! who art thou whose voice I hear ?  
——“ I am the Grave !

“ The grave, that never spake before,  
Hath found at length a tongue to chide :  
O listen !—I will speak no more ;  
Be silent, Pride !

“ Art thou a wretch, of hope forlorn,  
The victim of consuming care ?  
Is thy distracted conscience torn  
By fell despair ?

“ Do foul misdeeds of former times  
Wring with remorse thy guilty breast ;  
And ghosts of unforgiven crimes  
Murder thy rest ?

“ Lash'd by the furies of the mind,  
From wrath and vengeance wouldst thou flee ?  
Ah ! think not, hope not, fool ! to find  
A friend in me.

“ By all the terrors of the tomb,  
Beyond the power of tongue to tell !  
By the dread secrets of my womb !  
By death and hell !

“ I charge thee live !—repent and pray ;  
In dust thine infamy deplore ;  
There yet is mercy ;—go thy way,  
And sin no more.

“ Art thou a mourner ?—hast thou known  
The joy of innocent delights ?  
Endearing days for ever flown,  
And tranquil nights ?

“ O live !—and deeply cherish still  
The sweet remembrance of the past :  
Rely on heaven's unchanging will  
For peace at last.

“ Art thou a wanderer ?—hast thou seen  
O'erwhelming tempests drown thy bark ?  
A shipwreck'd sufferer hast thou been,  
Misfortune's mark ?



“ Though long of winds and waves the sport,  
Condemn'd in wretchedness to roam,  
Live !—thou shalt reach a sheltering port,  
A quiet home.

“ To friendship didst thou trust thy fame,  
And was thy friend a deadly foe,  
Who stole into thy breast to aim  
A surer blow ?

“ Live !—and repine not o'er his loss,  
A loss unworthy to be told :  
Thou hast mistaken sordid dross  
For friendship's gold.

“ Go seek that treasure, seldom found,  
Of power the fiercest-griefs to calm,  
And soothe the bosom's deepest wound  
With heavenly balm.

“ In woman hast thou placed thy bliss,  
And did the fair one faithless prove ?  
Hath she betray'd thee with a kiss,  
And sold thy love ?

“ Live !—'twas a false bewildering fire ;  
Too often love's insidious dart  
Thrills the fond soul with sweet desire,  
But kills the heart.

“ A nobler flame shall warm thy breast,  
A brighter maiden's virtuous charms !  
Blest shalt thou be, supremely blest,  
In beauty's arms.

“ —Whate'er thy lot,—Whoe'er thou be,—  
Confess thy folly,—kiss the rod,  
And in thy chastening sorrows see  
The hand of God.

“ A bruised reed he will not break,  
Afflictions all his children feel ;  
He wounds them for his mercy's sake ;  
He wounds to heal !

“ Humbled beneath his mighty hand,  
Prostrate his providence adore :  
'Tis done !—Arise ! He bids thee stand,  
To fall no more.

“ Now, traveller in the vale of tears !  
To realms of everlasting light,  
Through time's dark wilderness of years,  
Pursue thy flight.

' " There is a calm for those who weep,  
 A rest for weary pilgrims found ;  
 And while the mouldering ashes sleep,  
     Low in the ground ;

' " The soul, of origin divine,  
 God's glorious image, freed from clay,  
 In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine,  
     A star of day !

' " The sun is but a spark of fire,  
 A transient meteor in the sky ;  
 The soul, immortal as its sire,  
     Shall never die.'

We reluctantly quit our examination of this collection of poems, whose genuine and unaffected beauties are scattered throughout with no sparing hand. Amidst the mass of modern poetry, published or unpublished, we have seen few compositions worthy of more careful perusal or more lasting fame.

ART. V. *Memoirs of Mrs. Crouch, including a Retrospect of the Stage, during the Years she performed.* By M. J. Young. 2 vols. 12mo. 9s. Asperne. 1806.

AS in that pleasing novel, the Simple Story, all is gaiety, and joy, and pleasure, at the opening of the work—but age, and alteration of character, and misery, at the conclusion ; so, in these less pleasing memoirs of Mrs. Crouch, the careless and amiable years of her youth are contrasted with the falling off, the misfortune, the imprudence (to talk with a fashionable gentleness) of her more advanced life.

' She was the daughter of a Mr. Peregrine Philips, descended from the younger branch of a respectable family in Wales ; the elder branch of which was graced by a long line of baronets, the last of whom was created a peer of Ireland in the year 1776.'

These are the titles of ancestry appertaining to our frail fair one, and such is the boast of her biographer, whom we perceive to be so uniformly solicitous to exalt the reputation of his heroine, that perhaps he may occasionally lean more to the side of benevolent indulgence, than of strict veracity.

We shall pass over in a forgiving silence the uninteresting annals of Mr. Peregrine Philips, and only hint that he was an enthusiastic admirer of that notorious political bub-

ble, John Wilkes. But we do not meddle with the judgment of Mr. Phillips—suffice it to say that he seems to have been a well-meaning person, and, in one striking instance, which we shall hereafter record as it is connected with his daughter's history, a man of most praise-worthy and conscientious principles.

To confine ourselves chiefly to Mrs. Crouch, and to dismiss at once some of the minor characters introduced into these volumes, we shall cursorily remark, that the writer, who is often obtruded upon our notice, and whom we suspect to be a female, (though we plead guilty to the charge of ignorance, when we confess that M. J. Young, notwithstanding his or her voluminous publications, is unknown to us,) is deficient in some of the primary requisites for literary excellence. Those who compose in English (not to mention other languages) should, by the help of grammars, accidences, vocabularies, and dictionaries, previously acquire some knowledge of our mother-tongue; they should *not* talk of 'aviaries of birds'—nor print such lines as

'No giddy, light, fantastic airs,  
In her enchanting form appears;

at least we are here bold enough to rest upon our own opinion, and to assert, that the superfluity of expression in the first of these instances, and the false concord in the second, might be dispensed with, even in the politest circles. But taste is aameleon.

After the necessary musical education, Miss Nancy Phillips came forward as a public singer, 'made her first appearance on any stage at Drury lane Theatre, in the character of Mandane, in the opera of Artaxerxes, during the winter of 1780;—' and was received by an elegant audience with unbounded applause.' This short extract will give our readers a very just idea of the newspaper stile of puff and panegyric in which these memoirs are composed; but unless they were condemned to our duty of a thorough perusal, they could not imagine how large a part of them consists of copies from old play-bills, of dramatic personæ, without critical remark or anecdote!

By way of digression, our author introduces a high-flown account of the riots in the year 1780: his prose is really run mad; but as we wage no war with Bedlam, we shall merely quote, with pity and concern, such passages as 'the appalling report of life-destroying bullets,' and 'the dreaded nightly roar for lights! lights! lights!'

The beauty of Miss Phillips was not only the subject of

daily paragraphs in the papers, which celebrated her 'lovely Grecian nose,' but procured for her also some more serious and even desperate admirers. It was in the summer of 1784 that Miss Philips, while performing at Dublin, captivated the heart of an Irish gentleman; who, being unable to win her affections by his vehement professions, actually threatened to destroy her and himself if she persisted in her refusal, and said, that if he could not get nearer to her, he would shoot her from the pit when she was on the stage, and then put an end to his own existence. The unhappy maniac was secured in the theatre, on the following night after he had declared this resolution, by the officers of justice.

Another lover was a minor, but heir to a splendid fortune and a title; and Miss Philips was very *improperly* prevailed upon to promise a clandestine marriage with this enamoured youth. They accordingly eloped together; but with a prudence, which did great honour to a brother of the lady's, he accompanied the fugitives on their journey. This single circumstance is, we think, sufficient to rescue Miss Philips from the calumny she met with on her return to London. It should be mentioned too, that the lovers attempted to procure a priest to solemnize their marriage before their expedition; but no *Roman Catholic* nor *Protestant minister*, from the rank and consequence of one of the parties, would venture to perform the nuptial ceremony. We cannot help observing the liberal indifference of our lovers as to the religion according to whose forms they were united. They set out however, with the brother, for the sea-coast, intending to pass over into Scotland, but were overtaken at the port, just as they were about to sail, by Mr. Philips and the father of the young gentleman. The former had communicated the intelligence of the elopement to the latter immediately after he had received it himself, disdaining the idea of his daughter stealing clandestinely into a family, which would consider the alliance of its heir with an actress as a disgrace.

Upon her re-appearance at Drury-Lane, our disappointed heroine was, as we have intimated, exposed to the sarcasms of her fellow-labourers; and felt them more acutely than we conceive she would have done had they been founded upon truth. In fact, as we premised of these memoirs, the beginning, indeed the whole of the first volume, which brings the life of Miss Philips down to her marriage with Mr. Crouch, a lieutenant in the navy at that period, (1785,) contains the account of a very amiable character, except in the violation

of duty above recorded. We must now reluctantly, for more reasons than one, advert to the contents of the second volume, not, however, without previously extracting an anecdote or two of the Kembles; which are almost the only instances in which our author has fulfilled his promise of including a retrospect of the stage (any further than by copying play-bills) in the memoirs of Mrs. Crouch.

\* One day, when the conversation turned on supernatural appearances in the night, when Mr. S. Kemble happened to be present a Mr. Phillips's, he said that he had once felt himself extremely surprised by a nocturnal visitor, when he lay at an inn. It was about three in the morning, and being summer, light enough to distinguish objects, when he heard something moving in his chamber, and presently beheld at the side of his bed a dwarf, singularly habited, who gazed in equal astonishment at him: but as small objects are not so terrific as large ones, Mr. S. Kemble recovered first from his surprise, and raising himself up in the bed, asked the little figure what he was, and what he wanted in his room. The dwarf assuming courage replied—"I am, as you may perceive, sir, a dwarf, come to be shown at the fair to-morrow. I have mistaken the chamber, no doubt, and was frightened when I saw you; who are a giant, come, I suppose, to be shown for a sight at the fair like myself."

Mr. S. Kemble told this little story with great humour. Miss Philips was highly diverted at the time, and frequently repeated the story, as she called it, of the dwarf and the giant.

She also mentioned frequently, with gratitude, the spirited conduct of Mr. John Kemble, when they were performing at Cork. Mr. Philips being confined by the gout, had requested Mr. Kemble to conduct his daughter home after the play was over, during his confinement. One evening, however, some young officers, belonging to a regiment quartered in that city, chose to contend for the honour of seeing the beautiful Miss Philips safe to her lodgings; and accordingly, when she went to her dressing-room, stationed themselves in the passage through which she was obliged to return, and as they were rather more elevated than, perhaps, they might have been *before* dinner, they disputed concerning their rights to the temporary honour of being her conductor so loudly, that the fair subject of their dispute locked herself into her dressing room; and when Mr. Kemble sent to inform her that he was waiting for her, she replied to his messenger, through the door, that she would not leave the room until the officers had quitted the theatre, as she was resolved not to pass them. Upon this they were politely desired to quit the passage, in which they had stationed themselves, as the doors of the theatre were going to be shut. They said they would not leave the house until Miss Philips did, as they were waiting to attend her. Mr. Kemble, hearing this, took his sword, and, passing through them, said, with dignity and firmness—"Gentlemen, Mr. Philips, who is confined by illness, has requested me to conduct his



daughter from the theatre; and, as gentlemen, I trust you will not molest her; for be assured, I shall maintain the trust reposed in me." He called Miss Philips, and told her, that her father was anxious for her return, as it was late, and assured her that she would pass without interruption. The trembler, scarcely assured, ventured forth; but, when she beheld the officers, would have run back to her room, if Mr. Kemble had not held her fast, and said—"Be under no apprehension, I am resolved to protect you from interruption. If any gentleman be dissatisfied with my behaviour, I will meet him, if he pleases, to-morrow morning, and if he can prove it to be *wrong*, I shall be ready to apologize for it." This firm and manly conduct rather checked the violent spirit of the contenders, who suffered Miss Philips to pass with her calm and fearless protector. But in the morning, the commanding officer, having heard of the confusion his inferior officers had occasioned, called on Mr. and Miss Philips, and told them that he was extremely sorry any persons under his command should act so unbecoming the character of gentlemen, and assured them that the aggressor or aggressors should make whatever public apology they required. Miss Philips told him, that all she required was, that in future the gentlemen would go from the theatre with the rest of the audience, and leave her to go home quietly with her father, or whoever he should appoint to conduct her. This was promised; and during her stay in the city of Cork, was strictly adhered to. Mr. Kemble's prudent, yet spirited conduct, on that occasion, was highly spoken of, even by those whom it restrained, when reason regained her dominion over their senses. This affair was in itself sufficient to raise the report of a particular attachment between Miss Philips and Mr. Kemble.

But their acquaintance does not seem ever to have passed the bounds of friendship.

After these sufficient extracts from the work before us, its remaining portion must be more slightly noticed, and indeed it is not even of so tolerably amusing a nature as the preceding, either in its subject matter or composition.

We shall here just add, for the benefit of those who are interested upon minute points of theatrical information, that Mr. George Colman the younger, produced his first dramatic attempt, under the title of '*Two to One*,' a musical comedy, at his father's theatre, in the Haymarket, on June the 19th, 1784. He has since kept successful possession of the stage for twenty-two years, in which period he has achieved much to delight the public, and much to entitle himself, even in the judgment of the severer few, to the character of a very able and humorous comic writer. In tragedy, we own that we so far differ from the general opinion, as to rank him in an inferior class of authors altogether. His *debut* was adorned by a very poetical prologue

from the pen of his father, whose comparison of himself to Dædalus on this occasion,

'While now with beating heart, and anxious eye,  
He sees his vent'rous youngling strive to fly,'

appears to us particularly happy and ingenious.

Waving all mention of the Royalty Theatre, built in the year 1785, and of Mr. Palmer's disappointment in not being permitted to act plays there; waving the old actress, who at the advanced age of eighty-five danced a jig, called the Irish Trot, on the stage in Lincoln's Inn Fields; waving

'the bewitching charms of Jordan altogether,'

and various other amenities of a similar nature, we come at once to '*Mr. and Mrs. Crouch, and her Cicisbeo, Mr. Kelly,*' who all lived in one house together on the most cordial terms, upon the arrival of that gentleman who is a native of Ireland, from Italy, in the year 1787. At length Mr. Crouch grew tired (as we naturally suppose) of so liberal and enlightened a system of friendly and connubial harmony; and bidding farewell to this new St. Preux and new Heloise, solaced himself with the pleasures of retaliation.

It is impossible to pass over the lenity with which our author, a friend of Mrs. Crouch's, treats this disgusting subject, without the severest reprehension. Delicacy, however, forbids us to condemn such actions and such a vindication of them in more than general terms. We will merely select the strongest of those terms that offer themselves; and, after having said that such a community of bed and board realizes the grossest visions of the most corrupt modern philosophers, dismiss these matters to their kindred darkness.

In justice to the subject of these memoirs, it should be added, that all her filial and sisterly duties seem to have been discharged with exemplary zeal and tenderness. With regard to her literary taste, of which much is said, we cannot so far agree with her biographer, as to consider her enthusiastic admiration of Cowper and Shenstone as very substantial proofs of its correctness or elegance. That our author should select the whole of Cowper's conceited songs, (for conceit is very compatible, nay, is almost synonymous, with methodism) of

'The rose had been wash'd, just wash'd in a show'r,'

is a very natural proceeding for so perfect a book-maker; but he ill-defends the fame of Cowper, who rests it upon this

poem. That Cowper has earned an honest fame, we are far from denying; as a moral poet his precepts are excellent; but his diction throughout is latinized, and consequently stiff, pedantic, and inverted. In harmony he is entirely deficient. The lines upon Omai, and those beginning

‘England! with all thy faults I love thee still,’ &c. &c.

are perhaps among the best of his efforts. We wish he had written more Johnny Gilpins.

To return to Mrs. Crouch. Her friends, we are informed, made one fruitless attempt to separate her from Mr. Kelly; but, as her biographer emphatically observes, ‘she was a woman; and not an angel.’ She died (for our readers may be tired of her life) on the 2d of October 1803, aged only 38 years; and ‘a stone was inscribed to her beloved memory by him; whom she esteemed the most faithful of her friends.’ Her husband is yet living, and of him we shall only say, *volenti non fit injuria*. We are glad to be able to insert the following sentence:

‘Mrs. Crouch departed this life with grateful love for her affectionate and attentive friends; in perfect harmony with all the world; in the firm belief of an eternal Creator, and in an humble reliance on his mercy.’

To those readers (if any such exist) who can complain of the paucity of our selections from such a work as the present, it may be answered, that of Mrs. Crouch herself nothing material remains untold; and that as to her family, the information respecting them chiefly consists of such important and interesting particulars as those with which we shall conclude our extracts and critique:

‘In the summer of the year 1786, Mr. Philips chiefly resided at Broadstairs; his sister in Essex; and Captain Horrebow (Mrs. Crouch’s brother-in-law) took a house at Swansea in Wales; and in the course of the season, Mrs. Horrebow visited her sister at Liverpool’!!!

**ART. VI.—Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh.  
Vol. VI. Part I. Cadell. 1806.**

Art. 1. A Description of the Strata which occur in ascending from the Plains of Kincardineshire to the Summit of Mount Battoc, one of the most elevated Points in the Eastern District of the Grampian Mountains. By Lieut. Colonel Imrie, F.R.S. Ed.—The study of mineralogy, which now attracts so great a share of the attention of the scientific world, owes

much of its attraction, as well as part of its progress, to those theories which have been invented to explain, and if possible to reduce to some distinct and general heads, the various phenomena which appear in the substance of our globe. Yet the passions of men, alive with a morbid irritability to the feelings of wounded vanity, have not always been able to contemplate with the sober eye of philosophy objects so uninteresting to the bulk of mankind as the rocks of the mountain or the strata of the mine; and so completely has the greater number of those who have applied themselves to the subject of geology, suffered their judgment to be distorted by their affection for the reigns of Neptune or Pluto, by their opposite hatred of water or of fire, that the cool and sensible remarks of Colonel Imrie, who has wholly avoided every observation regarding either of the contending theories, must be received as a valuable acquisition to the facts already known. A good theory ought to explain the cause of every phenomenon; and even if the descriptions of the author of the article before us should not be found to coincide with the proposed explanations, we shall at least have the satisfaction of knowing that the very failure will bring us nearer the true hypothesis.

It is well known that since the promulgation of the Huttonian theory of the earth, a degree of attention, before unthought of, has been bestowed on the spots where the primary and secondary strata are contiguous to each other. According to that mode of explaining the formation of our globe into its present arrangement, these two sorts of strata differ extremely from each other in their antiquity, and in the processes which they have undergone. If however this be so in reality, marks of such changes ought to be perceptible every where, but most frequently and by far the most distinctly at those points where the more ancient touch the more modern portions of the earth. This word antiquity, it must be remarked, is not meant to be applied to the substance, but merely to the form of the strata. But if such marks should not be discernible, at least nothing opposite or inconsistent with the theory ought to be found.

Colonel Imrie informs us, that the Grampian mountains arise from the Alpine regions of the north-west of Scotland, and forming three ranges of parallel hills, advance in an eastern direction to meet the German ocean near the town of Aberdeen. The river North Esk has its origin among these mountains, and first running eastward, at last changes its course, and penetrates across the Grampians flowing to the south. An opportunity was thus afforded to the intel-

ligent activity of Col. Imrie, to observe with uncommon advantages, the position of the strata in the bed of this river for a space nearly of six miles, from the horizontal sandstone in the plain to the granite of Mount Battoc. This paper, consisting almost entirely of a statement of facts, does not admit of a very easy abridgment. At the end the reader is presented with a plate, in which the position and succession of the strata is laid down with much apparent accuracy, and by means of which assistance a much better idea may be obtained of these circumstances, than would be afforded by the view of the actual strata to any other than a person familiarised with the inspection and consideration of such phenomena.

The colonel travels from the plains of Kincardineshire, up the course of the North Esk. At the point of his departure, the native rock consists of a siliceous sandstone in layers of from one inch to four feet in thickness, and perfectly horizontal. But as it approaches the Grampians it begins to rise or be set on end, and at last becomes perfectly vertical in its position. No organic remains are mentioned to have been found in it, but it contains abundance of water-worn pebbles. It is also observed to be more solid the nearer it approaches the mountains. Where it has attained its vertical situation a bed of whinstone forty feet broad is interposed between the strata, and two small jets of the same material are remarked to have disrupted the layers of sandstone, and, arising from the main bed of whin, to penetrate in a zig-zag manner, decreasing in diameter as they ascend, and terminating before they reach the surface. The river has in this place worn down the strata to a depth of fifty or sixty feet, and thus afforded an opportunity of remarking a curious fact, happily illustrative of the theory which supposes the ancient liquefaction of basalt.

Soon after this point the sandstone is gradually converted into a sort of plum-pudding rock, and of this there is a stratum 400 yards thick, or followed by layers of grit. Then comes porphyry of the argillaceous kind, and next again a confused mass of different ingredients, which, however, are still stratified. Various argillaceous substances, intermixed with beds of whin, are afterwards noticed; and another singular appearance is remarked where the whin divides itself into three branches in its way to the surface.

The river now ceases to be deeply imbedded in the rocks, and Colonel Imrie is obliged to pursue his researches in the bed of a winter torrent, which afforded more favourable opportunities for observation. In this course he attended especially to the alternations of porphyry and micaceous



shistus; and he seems to be of opinion that the former consists of vertical dykes, which cut the latter at right angles. In one place a large mass of unconnected jasper was found, about thirty feet long and ten broad. The central mountains of the Grampian chain are chiefly composed of granite: but micaceous shistus and granitelle are in many places superincumbent, though every where, in elevated situations, in a state of decomposition, and leaving the granite exposed to the eye. Colonel Linrie finishes his series of observations at the summit of Mount Battoc, and after a most able description of the strata of that part of Scotland, gives us reason to hope for some further remarks upon the same subject at a future period. The whole of the paper before us seems, in our idea, to contribute to the further support of the Plutonic theory of the earth, or some variety of it; a position, however, which we cannot stop to illustrate further at present; but we imagine it to receive additional probability, both from the gradual elevation, and the increasing solidity of the strata as they approach the granite, and from the remarkable facts observed concerning the whinstone. It is extremely desirable that the colonel should pursue his course of observations; and if he should be able to ascertain any thing more decisive regarding the dykes of porphyry, he will perform a great service to the science of cosmogony, and lay the foundation of most essential improvements in our knowledge of the structure of the earth.

Art. 3. Account of a Series of Experiments shewing the Effects of Compression in modifying the Action of Heat. By Sir James Hall, Bart. F. R. S. Ed.—The name of Sir James Hall is well known to two classes of philosophers; to those who direct their investigations to the abstruse but interesting subject of caloric, and to the adherents or observers of the different theories of cosmogony. In both of these branches of natural science considerable improvements and advances have been made by the author of the paper before us, and he now comes forward with new claims to our respect and gratitude.

Dr. Hutton, justly celebrated as the author of a very ingenious and in many respects a very satisfactory theory of the earth, found himself obliged to allow that various calcareous bodies, such as shells consisting chiefly of carbonate of lime, have undergone fusion by subterraneous heat. Now in our fires it is perfectly certain that these substances cannot be fused, but that the carbonic acid will fly off, leaving pure lime of a most refractory nature. To meet this objection,

he asserted that the reason why shells could not be fused was, that in ordinary fires no compression was employed to restrain the carbonic acid, but that in the mineral regions, where internal heat reduced beds of shells to strata of solid limestone, the extrication of that gas was prevented by the pressure of the superincumbent mass, or of the vapour of water, and that the carbonic acid thus retained, acted as a flux to the lime. Dr. Hutton, however, was unwilling to attempt to confirm this conjecture by a reference to experiment, lest a failure, though justly attributable to the imperfection of our means of compression, might be adduced as an argument against the principle itself. Sir James Hall however most fortunately for science, has viewed the inquiry as surrounded by fewer difficulties, and by the exertion of much skill and great diligence has succeeded in establishing the fusibility of mild calcareous bodies by the most satisfactory evidence.

The method chiefly employed was to enclose the carbonate in a gun barrel, or in a cavity bored in a bar of iron, and to effect the compression by means of the fusible mixture of bismuth, lead, and tin, which, though necessarily liquid where near the carbonate, might be kept in its solid form at a little distance by the application of cold, and thus restrain the evolution of the carbonic acid gas. We cannot enter here into an enumeration of the very ingenious devices by which various inconveniences were removed. But the result of the experiments was, that carbonate of calcareous earth in its purest state, as well as chalk and shells, could be completely fused, and converted into a substance analogous to calcareous spar, sometimes crystallised, and often with the rhomboidal fracture. The objection of the iron or clay, which was necessarily present in these experiments, having contributed to the fusion of the carbonates, was obviated by enclosing these substances in laminated plates of platinum.

In a subsequent part of this paper Sir James Hall directs his attention to the effects of compression on inflammable bodies exposed to heat, and he shews clearly the possibility of reducing under such circumstances the wood of the fir and the horns of animals to a fluid state, and into a substance very analogous to coal. He seems to be of opinion that both animal and vegetable bodies have contributed to the formation of that mineral in the operations of nature.

In the last section of his paper, Sir James Hall proceeds to apply the results of his experiments to geology. He insists upon it, that the fire of volcanoes has a much deeper

source than it has pleased Buffon and other writers to allow, and certainly with great plausibility. He demonstrates that the heat of fluid lava is sufficiently great to effect the fusion of carbonates, if the necessary pressure be combined with it; and thence infers that all the heat required by the Huttonian theory may and does actually exist in the interior parts of the earth, though it may be impossible for us to account for its origin. Next, as to the compression, experiments are afforded which shew that the carbonic acid of limestone may be restrained in the necessary heat by a pressure of 1708 feet of sea or 52 atmospheres, that of marble by 86 atmospheres or 3000 feet, and that by 173 atmospheres or 5700 feet of sea carbonate of lime is made to undergo *complete* fusion, and act powerfully on other earths. But granting the existence of the necessary intensity of heat, it is absolutely certain that at the bottom of the ocean, and under many of the higher mountains of this globe, much more compression must be excited, than what has been thus experimentally proved to be sufficient for the reduction of the calcareous strata to a liquid or semiliquid state; for lord Mulgrave found bottom at 4680 feet, and Capt. Ellis let down a sea-gage to the depth of 5346 feet; and according to La Place the average depth of the ocean must be immensely greater, and amount to not less than eleven English miles. As for the pressure of hills, the specific gravity of them so much exceeds that of sea-water, that one fifth of the depth will produce an equal effect.

We have thus enumerated a very few of the highly ingenious and interesting experiments and reasonings which are now brought forward by the author of this paper in support of the theory of Dr. Hutton, which he adopts with so much zeal and defends with so much skill. Many further particulars, which we have been unable to notice, are to be found, well deserving the attention of the scientific reader. In one respect, Sir James Hall has thought it necessary to modify or depart from his favourite hypothesis of geology, and to add the conjecture of Saussure and others to the system which he labours to establish. Dr. Hutton conceived that all the primary portions of the earth had been originally covered by secondary strata, which had been gradually worn down by the action of air and moisture, and swept along by the force of descending streams. Many philosophers have objected to the slowness of this sort of process, of which the memory or records of man are scarcely able to afford any distinct proof; although many others are satisfied that the never ceasing progress of minute and imperceptible decay in its small parts may become

sufficiently manifest in its accumulated effects. But Sir James Hall is willing to adopt the opinion of the surface of the earth having been swept and abraded by furious torrents, of which, he imagines that in every quarter of the world we can still discern the vestiges and follow the operations; and by these means he would account for the removal of a great part of the secondary strata from the situation which according to theory they formerly held. There is certainly considerable probability in such a supposition, and whoever has been accustomed to the observation of nature in Alpine countries, must have felt the weight of the evidence by which it is supported. Sir James in this place observes, 'that the weight of such secondary strata as have been removed, must alone have been sufficient to fulfil all the conditions of the Huttonian theory without having recourse to the pressure of the sea. But when both were combined, how great must have been their united strength!'

'The Huttonian theory,' continues our author, 'embraces so wide a field, and comprehends the laws of so many powerful agents, exciting their influence in circumstances and in combinations hitherto untried, that many of its branches must still remain in an unfinished state, and may long be exposed to partial and plausible objections, after we are satisfied with regard to its fundamental doctrines. In the mean time I trust, that the object of our pursuit has been accomplished in a satisfactory manner by the fusion of limestone under pressure. This single result affords, I conceive, a strong presumption in favour of the solution which Dr. Hutton has advanced of all the phenomena; for the truth of the most doubtful principle which he has assumed has thus been established by direct experiments.'

Art. 2. A Geometrical Investigation of some curious and interesting Properties of the Circle, &c. By James Glenie, Esq A. M. F. R. S. London and Edinburgh.—This paper refers in a great measure to the general theorems published by Dr. Matthew Stewart, but not demonstrated by that learned geometer. The demonstrations are given in this paper. Those who are enamoured of the geometrical method will do well to consult it. The nature of this memoir prevents us from minutely entering into an examination of its contents: for we do not perceive that the series of propositions is made subservient to the establishment of any great or important truth, or to the establishment of any theorems in the *higher mathematics*, which may not, by a different process and with equal if not greater facility, be deduced.

ART. VII.—*Notes on the West Indies: written during the Expedition under the Command of the late General Sir Ralph Abercromby: including Observations on the Island of Barbadoes, and the Settlements captured by the British Troops upon the Coast of Guiana; likewise Remarks relating to the Creoles and Slaves of the Western Colonies, and the Indians of South America: with occasional Hints, regarding the Seasoning, or Yellow Fever of Hot Climates. By George Pinckard, M.D. of the Royal College of Physicians, Deputy Inspector-General of Hospitals to his Majesty's Forces, and Physician to the Bloomsbury Dispensary. 3 vols. 8vo. Longman and Co. 1806.*

'LOOKING round, as it is said authors are wont, for a great personage, to whose name I might dedicate my work, I have not found it possible to fix upon any one, to whom I could with so much propriety consign it, as to . . . . . its parent! Accept, then, benign power! thine offspring: cherish it, even as thou hast begotten it: and cause thy warmest influence ever to animate the heart of

Thy faithful and devoted servant, THE AUTHOR.'

He shall be to us a great Apollo, who can discover the PARENT of Dr. Pinckard's work. Its parent, O reader, is FRIENDSHIP! Gentle doctor! But does not the Doctor acknowledge that he 'always regards with high veneration all that concerns the habits and comfort of man?'

'In whatever relates to our nature, I feel a glowing sympathy! and I affectionate the whole human race in every state and station. Whatever tends to strengthen the connection between man and man, to improve our being, and increase the general happiness of my fellow creatures, I regard with an attachment bordering upon enthusiasm.' (vol. ii. p. 419.)

Amiable philanthropist!

The present volumes we understand, have been charged with indecency; in our opinion unjustly. We do not indeed deny that Dr. P. does, whenever he has an opportunity, dwell with seeming relish and at needless length, upon 'something' not to be spoke of; but we are not disposed to impute this to the vice of a prurient imagination, when we can find a milder excuse in the more venial charge of vanity and bad taste. Whoever peruses but a few pages of this work, will observe the author's reluctance to quit any subject which he has once taken in hand, forgetting that expansion weakens the effect, whether the object be to inform the understanding,

---

\* Lady M. W. Montague.



to amuse the fancy, or to affect the heart. When Dr. P. has hit upon a favourite story, a description, or a train of sentiment that pleases him, he twists it into every shape, represents his ideas under every possible variation, and, like a rural divine with an old black coat, he cannot find in his heart to part with it till it is completely threadbare, and till

*Occidit miseros crambe repetita*—REVIEWERS.

Our author was appointed physician to the army, on that signally unfortunate expedition that sailed from Cork and Portsmouth for the West Indies under Admiral Christian, in 1794. His description of his fellow travellers in the mail coach to Southampton, at the commencement of his work, gave us a foretaste of what we might expect before we had arrived at the end of the three volumes.

‘They were three of the sturdy sons of old Ocean, who had formed rather an intimate acquaintance with a certain personal pronoun, and in abruptness of manner, seemed to be as nearly related to that great personage, Mr. John Bull, as to his kind patron, father Neptune.—The curtains of their eyes but dropped with the closing day of London, to be again uplifted with the rising sun of Southampton.’

Various incidents peculiar to the military profession caused nearly seven weeks to elapse before the expedition set sail; all these incidents are detailed by Dr. P. with great minuteness, and do not cease but with the 151st page. During this long period, from October 23 to December 9, the doctor was detained at Portsmouth, or as he terms it, the Wapping of England, as if the original Wapping were in France. In like manner he speaks of ‘the cruelty of an eastern Tippoo;’ not knowing, we presume, that Tippoo is a proper name. At length we are delighted, unfeeling as it may seem, to find the author at sea, though he represents himself as quaking amid the unknown horrors of a severe tempest, and half dead beneath the complicated evils of fear and an upturned stomach.

In transcribing the following description of the close of the old, and the commencement of the new year, we shall afford our readers an adequate idea of our author’s style and manner, and shall be treating himself with that candour which it so much behoves a reviewer to consult; for we are convinced that he has exerted all his powers of language and fancy in that laboured passage. But if it be not in reality ‘foolishness and affectations,’ as Sir Hugh says, we must forfeit all claim to critical discernment.

'New-year, attended by gentle and fair-robed zephyrs; presented himself in smiles. His countenance was benign—his every look bespoke mildness and tranquillity. We did funeral honors to his tempestuous father, without the affectation of grief; and greeted each other on escaping from his turbulent government, to a milder reign. We now sailed pleasantly on our passage. The breeze was fair—the sea smooth and tranquil—the sun shone with genial warmth—the ship advanced in steady motion; and our cares were dissipated in the hope that all our disasters were buried in the grave of boisterous Old-year. But, alas! our cup was not yet full—the period of probation was not thus to end. Æolus and stern Neptune, enraged at the mildness of the new deputy of hoary time, poured forth all their ire; and, tearing away the delusive veil, openly exposed our error, proclaiming, in loud tyranny, that the young steward of the winged hours was not the milder son, but the very twin-brother of the late tempestuous agent. Our flattering prospect had not the duration of a day! Ere morning dawned, dark clouds obscured the sun; the tumid ocean heaved in threatening anguish, and, a thick storm gathering at the horizon, the winds and waves rushed into conflict; and, in all the dreadful wrath of tempest, pronounced themselves the messengers of angry gods!'

The Lord Sheffield, (so was the vessel called that conveyed our author,) was now separated from the rest of the fleet, and left to pursue her solitary course across the wide Atlantic. For seven weeks she was visited by adverse winds, but on the 25th of January the boisterous weather found an end, the ocean subsided into a perfect calm, and not a breeze of wind assisted our voyager on his way. Then it was that he

'Cast his eyes over the silver surface of the sea to behold the beauteous rising of the sun, and offered aspirations, that fierce Eurus, in the placid humour of milder zephyr, might follow in his train.' (p. 183.)

'At this moment,' (obedient doubtless to the 'aspirations' of Dr. Pinckard,) 'a gentle rippling spread lightly over the still surface of the water, and almost imperceptibly brought us . . . . a favourable breeze.' It was the trade wind, and the passengers 'thought themselves fortunate in being saluted by the favouring trades in their very earliest latitudes.' They now began by a change of diet and other precautions to prepare themselves to encounter the *torrefaction* of a tropical climate, and in somewhat more than a fortnight arrived in Carlisle Bay in the island of Barbadoes, which was appointed the general rendezvous of the expedition. Several days previous to their arrival they began to suffer some 'discomfort.'

'The increase of temperature had brought out upon our skins

that troublesome eruption called *prickly heat*. Our bodies were covered with it, and the irritation and itching it occasioned were intolerable. Our companion, Dr. Cleghorn, being an early sufferer from it, demanded of those who had been accustomed to the West Indies, how long his skin was to be thus tormented? So long, good doctor, as you remain in health, was the reply! upon which, with additional rubbing and scratching, the doctor jocosely, although somewhat impatiently exclaimed, in the accent of his country, 'Faith, captain, and would you carry us into never-ceasing torment? 'Bout ship and tack for England immediately.'

We apprize our readers that this is a joke; we further inform them that it is in Dr. Pinckard's very best style. The doctor's jocularities indeed is in general of so subtle a nature, that 'the capacity of our rude powers' is not always competent to its detection. We are confident, for instance, that some latent jest is concealed beneath the Latin words '*in propriis personibus*,' (Vol. i. p. 355,) but as we are unable to discover where it lies, we must charge the misquotation to the account of ignorance.

Every one, whose lot it has been to visit foreign countries, will recollect the very peculiar sensations, a compound of pleasure, surprise, and curiosity, experienced on our first setting foot on foreign ground. We seem as if transported to a new world. The mind indeed, ever active, never fails to figure to itself some image of the things we hear and read of, before any opportunity occurs of seeing them. But the picture is most frequently incorrect and extravagant. In the present instance however,

'I was pleased,' says Dr. P. 'to find that I had formed to myself a tolerable accurate copy of the West Indies, from the descriptions I had heard and read. In particular the appearance of the fields, and of the slaves, labouring with the whips at their backs, &c. &c. P'

Let it be understood, however, that this unfortunate expression is to be attributed to the pardonable error of a confusion of language, and by no means to a partiality for that diabolical traffic in human blood, which will for ever disgrace the annals of the British nation. Whenever that subject occurs, which it frequently does, he seldom fails to express his reprobation in a manner that does honour to his feelings. The subject is, unfortunately, a trite one, and most of our readers have, doubtless, a pretty correct idea of the cruelties practised on our fellow-men by the white savages of the West Indies; but as the horrid truths cannot be too generally diffused nor too strongly impressed, we shall quote at length some descriptions of the auctions of slaves, of which the author was an eye-witness.

' A few days ago I had the opportunity of being present at a more regular sale, or market of slaves than I had seen before, and here I witnessed all the heart-rending distress attendant upon such a scene. I saw numbers of our fellow beings regularly bartered for gold, and transferred, like cattle, or any common merchandise, from one possessor to another. It was a sight which European curiosity had rendered me desirous to behold, although I had anticipated from it only a painful gratification. I may now say—I have seen it!—and while nature animates my breast with even the feeblest spark of humanity, I can never forget it!

' The poor Africans, who were to be sold, were exposed, naked, in a large empty building, like an open barn. Those, who came, with intention to purchase, minutely inspected them; handled them; made them jump, and stamp with their feet, and throw out their arms and their legs; turned them about; looked into their mouths; and, according to the usual rules of traffic with respect to cattle, examined them, and made them shew themselves in a variety of ways, to try if they were sound and healthy. All this was distressful as humiliating, and tended to excite strong aversion and disgust; but a wound, still more severe, was inflicted on the feelings, by some of the purchasers selecting only such as their judgment led them to prefer, regardless of the bonds of nature and affection! The urgent appeals of friendship and attachment were unheeded; sighs and tears made no impression; and all the imploring looks, and penetrating expressions of grief were unavailing. Hungry commerce corroded even the golden chains of affection; and sordid interest burst every tie of nature asunder. The husband was taken from the wife, children separated from their parents, and the lover torn from his mistress:—the companion was bought away from his friend, and the brother not suffered to accompany the sister.

' In one part of the building was seen a wife clinging to her husband, and beseeching, in the strongest eloquence of nature, not to be left behind him. Here was a sister hanging upon the neck of her brother, and, with tears, entreating to be led to the same home of captivity. There stood two brothers, enfolded in each other's arms, mutually bewailing their threatened separation. In other parts were friends, relatives, and companions, praying to be sold to the same master—using signs to signify that they would be content with slavery, might they but toil together.

' Silent tears, deep sighs, and heavy lamentations bespoke the universal suffering of these poor blacks, and proved that nature was ever true to her feelings. Never was scene more distressful. Among these unhappy, degraded Africans scarcely was there an unclouded countenance. Every feature was veiled in the silent gloom of woe; and sorrowing nature poured forth in all the bitterness of affliction.'

---

' When purchased, the slaves were marked by placing a bit of string, or of red or white tape round their arms or necks. One

gentleman, who bought a considerable number of them, was proceeding to distinguish those he had selected, by tying a bit of red tape round the neck, when I observed two negroes, who were standing together entwined in each other's arms, watch him with great anxiety. Presently he approached them, and after making his examination affixed the mark only to one of them. The other, with a look of unerring expression, and, with an impulse of marked disappointment, cast his eyes up to the purchaser seeming to say—"and will you not have me too?"—then jumped, and danced, and stamped with his feet, and made other signs to signify that he, also, was sound and strong, and worthy his choice. He was, nevertheless, passed by unregarded; upon which he turned, again, to his companion, his friend, brother, which ever he was, took him to his bosom, hung upon him, and, in sorrowful countenance expressed the strongest marks of disappointment and affliction. The feeling was mutual:—it arose from reciprocal affection. His friend participated in his grief, and they both wept bitterly. Soon afterwards on looking round to complete his purchase, the planter, again, passed that way, and not finding any one that better suited his purpose, he now hung the token of choice round the neck of the negro whom he had before disregarded. All the powers of art could not have effected the change that followed. More genuine joy was never expressed. His countenance became enlivened. Grief and sadness vanished, and flying into the arms of his friend, he caressed him with warm embraces, then skipped, and jumped, and danced about, exhibiting all the purest signs of mirth and gratification. His companion, not less delighted, received him with reciprocal feelings—and a more pure and native sympathy was never exhibited. Happy in being, again, associated, they now retired apart from the crowd, and sat down, in quiet contentment, hugging and kissing the red signal of bondage, like two attached and affectionate brothers—satisfied to toil out their days, for an unknown master, so they might but travel their journey of slavery together.

‘In the afternoon of the same day I chanced to be present when another gentleman came to purchase some of the slaves, who were not sold in the morning. After looking through the lot he remarked that he did not see any who were of pleasant countenance; and going on to make further objections, respecting their appearance, he was interrupted by the vendor who remarked that at that moment they were seen to great disadvantage, as they looked worse “from having lost their friends and associates in the morning.” Aye! truly, I could have replied—a very powerful reason why they are unfit for sale this afternoon! If to be of smiling countenance were necessary to their being sold, it were politic not to expose them for long to come. Still, some were selected, and the mark of purchase being made, the distressful scene of the morning was, in a degree, repeated.’

The other sale took place in the Dutch colony of Berbische.



Since writing to you last I have been present at the sale of a Dutch cargo of slaves, at the new town of Amsterdam. Many of the officers went from the fort to witness this degrading spectacle, and although my feelings had suffered from a similar scene at Demarara, I could not resist the novelty of observing the Dutch mode of proceeding in this sad traffic of human cattle.

On arriving at the town, we were surprised to find it quite a holyday, or a kind of public fair. The sale seemed to have excited general attention, and to have brought together all the inhabitants of the colony. The planters came down from the estates with their wives and families all arrayed in their gayest apparel; the belles and beaux appeared in their Sunday suits: even the children were in full dress; and their slaves decked out in holyday clothes. It was quite a gala day, and greater numbers of people were collected than we had supposed to have been in the colony. Short jackets, with tawdry wide-flowered petticoats, and loose Dutch slippers, formed the prevailing dress of the females. Scarlet, crimson, and poppy, with all the bright colours used in a northern winter, rivalled a tropical sun, and reigned conspicuous in the flaming broad-patterned petticoat. To the inhabitants it seemed a day of feasting and hilarity, but to the poor Africans it was a period of heavy grief and affliction; for they were to be sold as beasts of burden—torn from each other—and widely dispersed about the colony, to wear out their days in the hopeless toils of slavery.

The fair being opened, and the crowd assembled, these unpitied sable beings were exposed to the hammer of public auction. A long table was placed in the middle of a large room, or logis. At one end was seated the auctioneer: at the other was placed a chair for the negroes to stand upon, in order to be exposed to the view of the purchasers; who were sitting at the sides of the table, or standing about the different parts of the room. All being in readiness, the slaves were brought in, one at a time, and placed upon the chair before the bidders, who handled and inspected them with as little concern as if they had been examining cattle in Smithfield market. They turned them about, felt of them, viewed their shape and their limbs, looked into their mouths, made them jump and throw out their arms, and subjected them to all the means of trial as if dealing for a horse, or any other brute animal. Indeed the indelicacy shewn towards the poor defenceless Africans, by some of these dealers in their species, was not less unmanly and disgusting than it was insulting to humanity.

We were shocked to observe women in the room who had come to the fair for the express purpose of purchasing slaves. Nay, even children were brought to point the lucky finger, and the boy or girl thus chosen, was bought by papa at the request of superstitious mamma, to give to young massa or missy!

The price of these poor degraded blacks varied from 600 to 900 guilders, according to their age and strength, or their appearance of being healthy or otherwise. The boys and girls were sold for 600 or 700 guilders—some of the men fetched as high as 900 and the women were knocked down at about 800.

' In the course of the sale, a tall and robust negro, on being brought into the auction-room, approached the table with a fine negress hanging upon his arm. The man was ordered to mount the chair. He obeyed, though manifestly with reluctance. His bosom heaved, and grief was in his eye. The woman remained in the crowd. A certain price was mentioned to set the purchase forward, and the bidding commenced: but on the slave being desired to exhibit the activity of his limbs and to display his person, he sunk his chin upon his breast, and hung down his head in positive refusal—then, looking at the woman, made signs expressive of great distress. Next he pointed to her and then to the chair, evidently intimating that he desired to have her placed by his side. She was his chosen wife, and nature was correctly intelligible. Not obtaining immediate acquiescence, he became agitated and impatient. The sale was interrupted, and as he could not be prevailed upon to move a single muscle by way of exhibiting his person, the proceedings were at a stand. He looked again at the woman,—again pointed to the chair,—held up two fingers to the auctioneer, and implored the multitude in anxious suppliant gestures. Upon his countenance was marked the combined expression of sorrow, affection, and alarm. He grew more restless, and repeated signs which seemed to say—"Let us be sold together. Give me my heart's choice as the partner of my days, then dispose of me as you please, and I will be content to wear out my life in the heavy toils of bondage." It was nature that spake—and her language could not be mistaken! Humanity could no longer resist the appeal, and it was universally agreed that they should make but one lot. A second chair was now brought, and the woman was placed at the side of her husband. His countenance instantly brightened. He hung upon the neck of his wife, and embraced her with rapture,—then folding her in his arms, and pressing her to his bosom, he became composed; and looked round with a smile of complacency, which plainly said "proceed!—I am yours, yours, or yours! Let this be the associate of my toils, and I am satisfied." The bidding was renewed! They exhibited marks of health and strength, and, quickly, the two were sold together for 1650 guilders.'

Instances are to be found, but, alas! they are very rare! of planters who condescend to consider the ill-fated Africans as their fellow-creatures, who study to alleviate the hardships of their servitude, and to repay that toil by which themselves are enriched. Let us, for the honour of human nature, contribute our assistance towards giving notoriety to the distinguished few, who, in spite of the seductions of power almost uncontrolled, in spite of the influence of early prejudice and evil example, have not forfeited the proud charter of humanity.

' I know not whether, upon any occasion, since my departure from England, I have experienced such true and heart-felt plea-

sure as in witnessing the high degree of comfort and happiness enjoyed by the slaves of "Profit." Mr. Dougan not only grants them many little indulgencies, and studies to make them happy, but he generously fosters them with a father's care; and they, sensible of his tenderness towards them, look to their revered master as a kind and affectionate parent; and with undivided—unsophisticated attachment cheerfully devote, to him, their labour and their lives.

'Not satisfied with bestowing upon his slaves mere food and raiment, Mr. Dougan establishes for them a kind of right. He assures to them certain property, endeavors to excite feelings of emulation among them, and to inspire them with a spirit of neatness and order, not commonly known among slaves: and I am happy to add that the effects of his friendly attentions, towards them, are strongly manifested in their persons, their dwellings, and their general demeanour. Perhaps it were not too much to say, that the negro yard at "Profit" forms one of the happiest villages within the wide circle of the globe! The labouring poor of Europe can attain to no state at all adequate to such slavery, for had they equal comforts, still could they never be equally free from care.

'The slaves of Mr. Dougan are not only fed and clothed, and tenderly watched in sickness, without any personal thought, or concern, but each has his appropriate spot of ground, and his cottage, in which he feels a right as sacred as if secured to him by all the seals and parchments of the Lord High Chancellor of England, and his court.

'Happy and contented, the slave of "Profit" sees all his wants supplied. Having never been in a state of freedom, he has no desire for it. Not having known liberty, he feels not the privation of it; nor is it within the powers of his mind either to conceive or comprehend the sense we attach to the term. Were freedom offered to him he would refuse to accept it, and would only view it as a state fraught with certain difficulties and vexations, but offering no commensurate good. "Who gib me for gnyhaam Massa," he asks, "if me free?" "Who gib me clothes!" "Who send me doctor when me sick?"

'With industry a slave has no acquaintance, nor has he any knowledge of the kind of comfort and independence which derive from it. Ambition has not taught him that, in freedom, he might escape from poverty—nor has he any conception that by improving his intellect he might become of higher importance in the scale of humanity. Thus circumstanced, to remove him from the quiet and contentment of such a bondage, and to place him amidst the tumults and vicissitudes of freedom, were but to impose upon him the exchange of great comparative happiness, for much of positive misery and distress.

'From what has been said you will perceive that to do justice to the merit of Mr. Dougan, would require a far more able pen. His humane and liberal conduct does him infinite honor; while the richness of the estate and the happiness of the slaves loudly proclaim his attentive concern. We were pleased with all around us,

but to witness so happy a state of slavery gave us peculiar delight.

‘The cottages and little gardens of the negroes exhibited a degree of neatness and of plenty, that might be envied by free-born Britons, not of the poorest class. The huts of Ireland, Scotland, France, Germany, nay, many, even of England itself, bear no comparison with these. In impulsive delight I ran into many of them, surprising the slaves with an unexpected visit, and, verily, I say the peasantry of Europe might envy these dwellings of slavery. They mostly consist of a comfortable sitting room, and a neat, well-furnished bed room. In one I observed a high bedstead, according to the present European fashion, with deep mattresses, all neatly made up, and covered with a clean white counterpane; the bed-posts, drawers, and chairs bearing the high polish of well-rubbed mahogany. I felt a desire to pillow my head in this hut for the night, it not having fallen to my lot, since I left England, to repose on so inviting a couch. The value of the whole was tenfold augmented by the contented slaves being able to say—“all this we feel to be our own.”

‘Too often in regarding the countenance of a slave, it may be observed that

“Dark melancholy sits, and round her throws  
A death-like silence, and a dread repose.”

but throughout Mr. Dougan’s happy gang the more striking features are those of mirth and glee; for, here, the merry dance and jovial song prevail, and all are votaries to joy and harmony.

‘Before the doors of the huts, and around these peaceful dwellings were seen great numbers of pigs, and poultry, which the slaves are allowed to raise for their own profit; and from the stock, thus bred in the negro yard, the master usually purchases the provisions of his table, paying to the negroes the common price for which they would sell at the market.’

We do not wish to detract from the merit of Mr. Dougan, but we must nevertheless not overlook the probability that the lustre of his humanity may be rendered brighter by contrast. His real merit is doubtless enhanced by the barbarous prejudices of the country in which he lives, and the customary barbarity of his savage neighbours; but the apparent magnitude of an object is likewise enlarged by an unequal comparison, and the ruins of Palmyra derive a casual splendour from the nakedness of the surrounding desert.

While the greater and more respectable part of those who have been eye-witnesses of West Indian slavery, assert that the condition of the negroes is little preferable to that of the beasts of the field, the advocates for that infernal traffic, (who, it will be observed, are, with few exceptions, interested in its continuance) maintain that these sons of misfortune

are in a far more enviable situation than the peasantry of Europe. But do these logicians take no account of the freedom of mind? Cannot the labouring freeman, if he be controuled either as to the quantity of work to be done, or the mode of performing it, leave his employer, and engage with another? Or if, as in the case of an apprentice, he be in a state of greater subjection to the will of his master, has he not entered voluntarily into the trade or profession in which he is employed, for the sake of the probable advantages to be hereafter derived from it; and does he not look forward with pleasure to the day which shall set him free from servitude? But the slave must work, move, speak, eat, sleep, exert every action and quality both of body and mind, according to the will and caprice of his owner. The dreary prospect that opens before him is interminable; his separation from his dearest friends is eternal; his severe labour is to know no end, but his treatment is more cruel, and his neglect more pointed, as disease, age, or infirmities, shall have made him less valuable to his master. This last point calls most loudly for the interference of the legislature; and Dr. Pinckard, who, contradictory as it may seem, appears to agree with the anti-abolitionists in preferring the condition of the slaves of the West Indies to that of the poor of Europe, might, even if he had not heard the voice of nature cry against him, have found an incontrovertible answer to every argument in its favour under any mitigation, in the 'numbers of old, diseased, decrepit negroes, who, he informs us, (vol. ii. p. 209,) 'are seen lying at the corners or begging about the streets.' We transcribe his own observation:

'What can be so unworthy! what so culpable or disgraceful, as the cruel inhumanity and sordid injustice, which renders a master capable of neglecting in old age, the slave from whom he has exacted all the labour of youth, and all the vigour of manhood! Perhaps nothing portrays in more melancholy demonstration, the possible depravity of the human heart! No longer able to exert himself to his owner's profit, the aged slave enfeebled by years, and exhausted by toil is left to beg his *yam* from door to door!—abandoned by his cruel master he is a pensioner upon promiscuous charity, or is allowed to fall a prey to disease, and to want!'

We cannot but advert to another deeply lamentable but natural consequence of slavery, the total want of moral principle in its devoted children. A striking instance of this is furnished in the case of some slaves who were captured by a French privateer, and sent in a boat to Trinidad under the care of three or four Frenchmen. Their facility in crime will be the more sensibly pitied and deplored, as contrasted with that



faithfulness and honesty, which under other circumstances might have rendered these unfortunate Africans truly estimable members of society. So true is the saying of Homer,

‘ Jove fix’d it certain, that whatever day

Makes man a slave, takes half his worth away.’ Pope.

‘ On the passage the Frenchmen talked much to the negroes about liberty, equality, and the rights of man, in all the common jargon of the revolution; holding out to them the high enjoyment of gaining their freedom; and assuring them that they would be carried from Trinidad to Guadaloupe, where they would be released from their slavery, become fellow-citizens, and remain in future *their own masters*. But these poor blacks, having been treated with great kindness and humanity by their owners, and not having been bred in the modern Gallic school, could not be made to comprehend the fascinating doctrine of equality, and therefore perversely rejected the proffered *French Liberty*; and instead of rejoicing, as it was supposed they would, to accept their freedom from the hands of those revolutionary republicans, they concerted a plan to rescue the boat, and take it back to their masters; in which attempt they met with complete success, but unhappily it was attended with that savage inhumanity which characterises the Africans. A little before they came within sight of Trinidad they seized an opportunity of rising upon the Frenchmen, and, not satisfied with subduing them, they murdered every one of them, and threw their mangled bodies into the sea: then, like faithful slaves, put the boat about, and made the best of their way up the coast, returning, much pleased, to their owners, and to their task of slavery. The party consisted of five negroes belonging to Mr. Kendall, and three (two men and a boy) belonging to Mr. Green. On my asking them why they did not bring the Frenchmen on shore as prisoners, instead of killing them, their reply spake one of the unhappy truths of slavery, and proved that the lives of these unfortunate Frenchmen were sacrificed to an unjust law always operating against the negroes. “*Ah Massa,*” said they, “*we fraid ’em tell lies upon us, and him people always believe Backra man sooner as Negroe . . . . so we tink it best for kill ’em all.*”—These poor slaves were aware that against the evidence of a white man, whether it were true or false, they could not be heard; therefore to prevent the possibility of any false reports of their prisoners operating to their prejudice, they deemed it wise to secure themselves the privilege of giving their testimony in the cause of truth, by destroying those whose voices might have prevented it.’

The above quotation, as well as some of those which we have before given, will furnish an example of what we alleged against Dr P. at the beginning of our criticism, viz. his fondness for useless repetition and useless explanation. He can never quit a subject till he has worn it out. Lest we should render ourselves liable to the same charge, we shall now quit the painful subject which has occupied so large a share of our attention.

Nothing of importance happened to the author during his stay at Barbadoes, where he in vain expected the remainder of the expedition from England. A few detachments and single ships that occasionally dropped in, were all that had arrived of that ill-fated armament, when Dr. Pinckard quitted Barbadoes on the fifteenth of April, though it had sailed from Europe early in November of the preceding year. During this visit of upwards of two months, we have a sufficiently copious account of the state of society and mode of living at Barbadoes, in relating which, Dr. P. is careful to enrich the English language with many words of his own coining, which we shall hope never to see again in print. The reader may here find accounts of '*sill-quose*' tamarinds, of '*flavid*' and '*obfusate*' negroes; he will learn how the heat of a tropical climate is alleviated by the '*perflation*' of the trade winds, which '*form the suite of a burning sun*, and moderate the heat of his too effulgent rays;' he will read in other parts of '*taciturn*' companions, and of '*semper-smoking*' Dutchmen; of ladies '*of Turkey stomach*,' (i. e. great eaters), and of '*governors of ocean castles*,' (i. e. captains of ships); and when Sir Ralph Abercromby lands at Barbadoes, nothing will serve him but that the general is a '*king-bee*,' and the sailors that manned the yards to salute him, '*a bee-hive, free from drones*.' But the cream of Dr. Pinckard's pert facetiousness seems to be concentrated in the following passage, which, to say the least of it, is the essence of a coxcomb. We will not use a harsher name. The doctor was thirsty and eat some oranges. '*Such delicious refreshment had never before met his lips!*'

'The oranges were not only *ten times better* than the very best in the world; but they were taken fresh from the tree, and at a moment of heat and parching thirst which was calculated to render them *ten thousand times sweeter* than the sweetest of themselves!'

At page 23 of vol. ii. is an impertinent story of a cow and a doctor, to relate which, our author quits the new world, recrosses the Atlantic, and returns to Portsmouth, the scene of the important adventure. This idle tale occupies no less than 27 pages, to the shame of Dr. Pinckard be it spoken, whether we consider his good sense as impugned, in narrating a story which would not even amuse a nursery, or his want of conscience in swelling it to a length so outrageous. The succeeding letter opens as follows, and from it the reader may form some estimate of our author's double-refined sympathy:

'Accustomed to address you upon all occasions without reserve,

my glad pen, true to the feelings that direct it, seems conscious when made the herald of happy tidings, and, on such occasions, certain of being hailed with all the warmth of sympathy, it hastens to greet you with a swiftness even beyond its feathered self.

The glad tidings communicated by this winged harbinger of joy, was the arrival of the convoy from Cork, but the Portsmouth fleet was still a truant to their expectations. We accordingly find the author sympathising through several more letters, indulging his finer feelings in reflections on the mild beauties of an English spring as contrasted with the heat of a tropical climate, and giving way to 'the genial harmony of soul and sentiment,' in the contemplation of nature. Let him who is not already surfeited with the sickly sensibility of modern novel-writing ladies, turn to the 6th letter of the second volume of the present work, and he will see that such subjects are not rendered more inviting though clad in the eloquence of a gentleman and a scholar, for such we must presume every physician to be. Intermixed however with the effusions of the author's feelings are many observations, which cannot fail to have their share of interest, on the climate, soil, produce, commerce, population, and history of Barbadoes, as well as on the mode of life of its inhabitants, under which latter head an indulgence in the pleasures of the table, that knows no bounds, and cruelty to the negro slaves, form the most prominent features. Some readers will have difficulty in believing that murder itself is not excluded from the catalogue of West Indian enormities.

After a stay of somewhat more than two months at this island, Dr. Pinckard was ordered on the expedition against the Dutch colonies on the coast of Guiana, and was appointed to the direction of a detachment of the hospital staff at Stabroek, the capital of the united colony of Demerara and Issequibo, which, it will be remembered, surrendered without a struggle to the British arms, as did also the neighbouring settlement of Berbische in the course of a few days afterwards.

In no instance is the remark of the Roman poet, that our affection for our native country is superior to reason, more strikingly verified, than in the situations which have been fixed upon by the Dutch for their foreign settlements. At Batavia in the East Indies, as well as in their colonies on the coast of South America, they have preposterously and in spite of nature endeavoured to assimilate the taste and prejudices of Holland to the climate and soil of the torrid zone. Their predilection for a low and swampy situation has in every instance got the better of their prudence: an atmosphere con-

stantly impregnated with contagious vapours exhaled by a tropical sun from putrid marshes and stagnant ditches, which abound alike on the coasts of Java and Guiana, have been overlooked in consideration of a wide extent of flat alluvious country, affording easy means of being intersected with canals and ditches, where draw-bridges for ornament and *treik-schuyts* for pleasure and convenience could be adopted. In either of these countries, the traveller, wading through the muddy roads, or dragged slowly along a stagnant canal, might easily believe himself in the mother country. Dr. Pinckard indeed asserts, and as a medical man some deference is due to his opinion and experience, that the generally received prejudice relative to the Dutch colonies on the American continent is unfounded, and that in spite of the low and muddy surface of Demerara and Berbische, those settlements are not in fact more unhealthy than our more mountainous islands: this he proves by a comparison of the return of deaths in Demerara, with that of the most favoured of the English West India islands, and the comparison is not to the advantage of the latter. Of the Oriental colonies of Holland, however, this assertion can certainly not be made. The mortality of Europeans in Batavia is of a most appalling magnitude, unparalleled, we believe, in any other country under the sun. We learn from a modern traveller of respectability (Mr. Barrow), that of persons newly arrived in that settlement, three in five are calculated to die in the first year, and of the remaining survivors the mortality is never considered to be less than from nine to twelve in the hundred, exclusive not only of infants but of soldiers and seamen. The havoc which the destructive climate, aided by their debaucheries and irregular conduct, produces among that thoughtless race of men, is truly deplorable, and the register of deaths in the military hospital for the last sixty-two years, makes it appear that every soldier who sets his foot in Batavia, finds there a certain grave.

Hospitality prevails to a great degree among the planters of Demerara, nor do they yield to their Barbadian neighbours in the quantity or quality of the viands that load their tables. Fresh provisions however are hardly to be procured, except by those whose own estates furnish these luxuries, and the military were frequently compelled to live for weeks together upon salt beef, yams, and plantains. On one occasion the officers were so fortunate as to procure a litter of six roasting pigs, on which occasion they 'eat pig, pig, pig, every day till they were all consumed,' and Dr. Pinckard indulges in the vulgar and unworthy joke, that they were in danger of growing into pigs themselves (p. 255, vol. ii.). It

is not our intention to visit the faults of Dr. Pinckard or any other writer with harsh or unnecessary severity, but we submit it to his own consideration whether the pages of one, whose profession ought to inspire him with some regard for his literary character, are not disgraced by such trite and vapid vulgarities. We must strongly express our disgust at the numerous jocularities with which he surfeits us in the course of his work, and which we should no otherwise discover to be witticisms, than that the concluding words which contain the pointless sting of the epigram, are printed in italics, and separated from the rest of the sentence by the interval of a dotted line, and closed with a note of admiration. This is a favourite practice of that great writer, Mr. D'Israeli, who, as well as our present author, is doubtless lost in admiration at the effusions of his own genius, and the flashes of his transcendent wit. In other respects Dr. Pinckard bears a considerable resemblance to a distinguished modern traveller, called Mr. John Carr, and in nothing more than in the relation of filthy and disgusting (not obscene) stories, and in the putid facetiousness and quaint absurdity displayed in the contents of his chapters. For a fuller explanation of our meaning, we beg leave to refer the reader to the chapter of contents of the present work, or to the Critical Review for February last, pp. 131 et seq. But it is our duty to inform Dr. Pinckard and the public that no particle of real wit or humour is contained in these three volumes, and that if we occasionally meet with a tale in itself calculated to excite a laugh, it is invariably spoiled by the affectations or the repetitions of the narrator.

After some stay at Demerara, the author was ordered to the adjoining colony of Berbische, situated, like the former settlement, in a low and marshy soil, at the mouth of a river of the same name, which abounds with alligators and mermaids. Of the former Dr. P. was an eye-witness; for the existence of the latter he had only the word of the Dutch colonists, by none of whom had these 'fish-tailed ladies' been seen, but who on their parts took it on trust from the negro slaves and native Indians, the only race of men that these 'lady-like animals' had favoured with a sight of their persons; the resident planters however, firmly believed in their existence, but Dr. Pinckard 'assumed the liberty of an Englishman and still continued . . . to doubt!' (Vol. iii. p. 1.)

Each of the colonies of Berbische and Demarara consists of a tract of cultivated land, the former of seventy miles in length, measuring along the sea-coast, and no more than a mile and a half in depth; this spacious and level plain is bounded on one side by the sea, and on the



one side by the sea, and on the other by the forest, which stretches in continuous and primæval grandeur over that vast extent of continent that separates the Atlantic and Pacific oceans.

The author sometimes took a sauntering walk till he was interrupted by the deep woods which form the impracticable boundary of the colony. On these occasions, the sight of the majestic and interminable forest excited, as well it might even in a less sentimental bosom, feelings of a sublime and awful nature. Then it was that he reflected on the state of man, on 'the varied appearance of the globe,' and on 'the wisdom of the Creator.' 'The grand purpose of life and being also,' 'the inscrutable ways of Providence,' and various other *new* ideas, on which many a school-boy has written many a theme, passed in succession in the mind of Dr. George Pinckard. These he relates at length, and in the order in which they occurred; and after filling three or four pages with contemplations which cannot boast the profundity of Locke, the result is, that . . . 'he hastily trod back his steps.' (See vol. ii. p. 235-6.)

At page 337 of vol. ii. we have an interesting account of M. Van Battenburg, the Dutch governor of Berbische, and his amiable consort. Her conduct to her negro slaves is not among the slightest commendation of the latter distinguished personage. In this respect she differs much from the other females of South America, whether Dutch or English. On our author's paying a morning visit to one lady of his acquaintance, not having any better amusement to offer, she invited him to a window from whence he might see them 'flogging the *negres*.' Another lady applied to him 'to make some complaint to her husband against the slaves of the house, as she wished to get them a good flogging.' It was not even pretended that any specific fault had been committed, but the Doctor's ingenuity was to invent an excuse, merely because some idle caprice or ill humour prompted the mistress to wish to have them '*well flogged*.' We readily believe our author's statement, that he did not suffer his gallantry to triumph over his humanity.

Both here and at Demarara, whither the author was in no long time recalled by the sickness of the troops, he made an excursion up the rivers which give their names to the respective colonies. On both these occasions, he and his party penetrated into the wild and woody regions of Guiana, to a distance which few Europeans had accomplished before them; and we accordingly find accounts of considerable interest, though deformed by the faults peculiar to the writer, of the

nature and inhabitants of these unexplored countries, as well the native Indians, as the European and Creole settlers. From the latter, though uninvited, unexpected, and unintro-duced, our travellers uniformly met with the most marked hospitality, which is carried in the transatlantic world to an extent unknown in Europe, as the following instance will demonstrate.

'I must not neglect to inform you of a custom which we observed to be very prevalent, it being an act of politeness which, to Europeans, seemed no less singular than novel. As a mark of attention the gentlemen of the different plantations usually accompanied us to our sleeping room, at the time of our going to bed, when, on taking their leave for the night, they concluded the compliments of the day in the following terms, viz. 'S'il y a d'autre chose, Messieurs, dont vous avez besoin, il n'en faut que demander au Garçon—cela n'est pas mon affaire.' This was true West India complaisance. It was a branch of hospitality that was not familiar to us, being an accommodation not usually found in the list of European civilities. If your ignorance of tropical habits, and the common customs of slavery should prevent you from comprehending the extent of it, ask me, when I return to England, and I will explain it to you more fully.'

The tender passion is not unknown among the phlegmatic Hollanders; and even in the uncultivated forests of Guiana, the human heart bows beneath the supremacy of its power.

Bounteous Heaven,

In pity to forlorn mortality,  
Moulded the female form in all the rich  
Variety of beauty, bade it yield  
Delights unspeakable, then gave to man  
The sole propriety, for what? for that  
He might enjoy the play-thing, not adore it;  
That it might be his pastime, not his God!

So says the author of a tragedy which we have seen in manuscript, and so thinks Mynheer Bercheych of the plantation Gorcum, in the colony of Demarara.

At the very remotest point of that settlement, amidst negroes and wild Indians, secluded from the civilized world, lives this eccentric and remarkable character. Possessed of a fertile and active mind, together with the advantages of education, learning, and politeness, having passed his youth in the dissipation of a court, he has retired at an advanced age to one of the most distant spots of the habitable world, and amid the stillness of uncultivated nature, devotes the declining day of life to the calm pleasures of philosophical retire-

ment. As Gibbon remarks of the prophet Mahomet, women alone are the sensual enjoyment which his nature requires, and which, agreeably to the principles of Madan, his religious scruples do not forbid. Females of every age and every colour, Indians, Negroes, and Mulattoes, the daughters of Europe, Africa, and America, contribute alternately to the pleasures of Mynbeer Bercheych. His domestics are composed entirely of that sex, and his peculiarity does not suffer a male to inhabit his house. But in spite of this apparent predilection, it would seem as if he valued the beautiful part of the creation rather for their personal than their mental attractions, for he admits men only as visitors, and except this occasional indulgence in the pleasures of society, he leads the life of a patriarch, and

————— wide as Heav'n's command,  
Scatters his Maker's image round the land. (DRYDEN.)

For the consolation of those of our fair readers who are about to be united to elderly gentlemen, we have pleasure in adding that this vigorous admirer of their sex is sixty years of age or thereabouts.

When a physician and deputy inspector-general of hospitals treats of a country where there is so great a demand for medical assistance as in the West Indies, it were natural to expect out of three octavo volumes a few passages which might be deserving the attention of professional readers. Dr. Pinckard's medical remarks are both few and of no value. His chapter on the elephantiasis, or glandular disease of Barbadoes, consists merely of a few cases cited from Hendy, and contains no inquiry into the probable cause, or, what is much more important, the cure of that extraordinary and unseemly disorder. That on the epidemic fever of the West Indies, commonly called the yellow fever, (an epithet which Dr. Pinckard, without any sufficient reason, is extremely desirous to explode,) is the only chapter which can be said to treat professedly of medicine. In spite of his extensive opportunities of observation, and the violent attack which he himself suffered from this formidable malady, he has furnished us with no new facts, remarks, or conjectures on its origin, symptoms, or cure. The remedies upon which he insists, of venesection, calomel, bark and wine, have long been familiar to medical men; nor does it appear that our author ever effected any important cure.

It will be seen from the above observations that nothing could have rendered this work a source of interest to the public, or of credit to the author, but a great deduction from its quantity, and a great alteration of its quality.

Art.VIII.—*English Lyrics. By William Smyth, Fellow of St. Peter's College, Cambridge. 12mo. 3d Edition. Cadell. 1806.*

ABSOLUTE originality is at the present day placed beyond the reach of the highest powers of poetical genius. Nature has not only been visited by our predecessors in her broader walks, but has been pursued into her inmost retreats, and traced through all the expressive associations by which she is connected with mind. Art and science also have been rified of their treasures to adorn the progeny of the imagination. The character of individuals, however, will always be marked by striking shades of difference; the poet therefore, who stamps upon his compositions a faithful image of himself, and conveys in them a genuine transcript of his mind, insures a species of originality in its nature inexhaustible. The powers, the feelings, and the passions of mankind, are few indeed, and exist in all, but as they are perpetually diversified in their relative proportion, so also external circumstances in their effect on individuals admit of numberless modifications. The mental landscape is always composed of the same simple elements, but they present themselves in endless combinations to our view, and from the varied disposition of the parts, the light which falls upon them assumes an infinite variety of tints. The stronger these distinguishing features are, the stronger will be the originality; particularly if the author be gifted with that power and selection of language which shall enable him to pourtray his feelings with force and delicate discrimination. These observations are happily illustrated in the volume of poems to which our attention is at present directed. Although the originality thus imputed to poetry (since it is in a great degree the *effect* arising from a view of the parts taken collectively) can then only be fully felt when we are intimately acquainted with the productions of the *author*, as a just perception of the mental character, to the delineation of which it is owing, can only be acquired from an intimate acquaintance with the *man*, yet in the present instance we will venture, in confirmation of these remarks, to refer the reader to the elegies to Wisdom, (p. 86.) and particularly to the commanding stanzas which commence the recantation.

‘ Beside this russet heath, this forest drear,  
That strews with yellow leaves the moisten’d plain;  
Here, where the green path winds, ah Wisdom! here,  
Did once my daring lyre to thee complain.

- 'Soft was the midnight air that sooth'd my frame;  
In thought severe had passed the studious day;  
*Cold paused the spirits, and the etherial flame*  
*In dim and languid musings died away.*
- 'Calm, silent, all—I seemed with step forlorn  
Singly to wander on a distant world;  
I started when the bird first hail'd the morn,  
That wide had now its reddening clouds unfurl'd.
- 'Returning seasons since have pass'd away,  
Oft has the spring with violets deck'd the vale,  
The bee oft humm'd along the summer day,  
And the lake darken'd in the wintry gale.
- '*In youth's bright morn how boldly on the mind*  
*Rise the wild forms of thought in colours new;*  
*'Tis time, and time alone, whose skill refined*  
*The picture slowly gives to nature true.*
- 'Thee, Wisdom, could I chide, thy gifts decry?  
Turn from thy bliss by restless ardour fir'd?  
—How like these idle leaves that withered lie  
Seem now the fancies that my soul inspired!' p. 91.

When we view the sublime, the beautiful, and the picturesque scenery of nature, the effect is confessedly heightened by the appearance of appropriate living objects. This principle of taste is recognized and acted upon in the finer arts: the painter gives vivacity to his landscape by the introduction of figures; the higher regions of poetry, the epic and dramatic, swarm with life; and without it, in the inferior species a death-like stillness is perceived; even metaphysical poetry embodies abstract ideas, and 'gives to airy nothings a local habitation and a name.' In Mr. Smyth's poems, the interest thus excited is drawn still closer to the mind, and warms it with all the animation of reality. 'The Reverie' may be selected as an example the more striking, because the subject *in the abstract* is the commonest theme of moral declamation. We give the following extracts:

- 'Could Julia, were she present, chide,  
If down my cheek unbidden strays  
A tear, which I in vain would hide,  
In fancy while on her I gaze?  
Her form, which musing I survey,  
Now whispers to my wayward heart,  
That even her charms must feel decay,  
That life must close—that we must part.



' Ah Julia ! must that morrow come  
 When I in anguish shall behold  
 That cheek with animated bloom  
 No longer warm—pale, shrunk—and cold—  
 " Those lips whence I such kisses steal,"  
 " Robb'd of their die, and honied store,"  
 " No more to make one proud appeal,"  
 " Or speak one tempting challenge more ?"

' In some dread season of despair,  
 Must keen disease, must wasting pain,  
 Seize e'en thy form ? and I be near,  
 To count the sighs that moan in vain ;  
 Wipe thy damp brow with trembling hand,  
 See o'er thy frame death's tremors creep,  
 Pale o'er thy sinking ruin stand,  
 And feel the grief that cannot weep ?—

' Oh Julia ! let me far remove,  
 Far from those charms I must adore,  
 To me 'tis agony to love—  
 Far let me fly, and love no more—  
 Cease; maddening thought ! with thee to part—  
 Thou power ! that hear'st the feeblest call ;  
 Thou pow'r that guard'st the breaking heart,  
 —Oh save, for I am weakness all." P. 25.

Generalize the ideas as far as it can be done, divest them of their reference to particular persons, and a comparative coldness must instantly be felt. It is much to be regretted that the lines marked by inverted commas should have been permitted to violate the pathetic beauty of the poem.

Let us now descend into particulars. To such of our readers as are acquainted with Mr. Campbell's verses on a subject very similar to that of the beautiful ' Lines found in a bower facing the south,' (p. 1), it will be no unpleasing employment to compare their merits. Mr. Smyth's poem was first published. The volume contains many jeux d'esprits, which possess a peculiar playfulness and airy elegance of fancy. But some of the poet's strains are of higher mood. The Ode to the Lyric Muse (p. 70.) reminds us of the fire and sublimity of Gray, and is marked by that fastidious contempt of the vulgar which genius often feels, and which was a predominant feature in the mind of that poet. It would exceed our limits to transcribe the ' Seraph' at length, but we will endeavour to connect a few stanzas of it together in such a manner as to give our readers some idea of the whole.

THE SERAPH. (*The Angel speaking.*)

- "Wake! rise! thy sleep of death is o'er!  
 "Bold spread thy wing! exulting soar!  
 "—Think not these darksome realms of pain  
 "The form I summon can detain;—  
 "With me to worlds of heavenly light,  
 "Spring Julia! thro' this mass of night!"  
 "The darkness fades—now pleas'd survey  
 "Yon bright'ning scenes of happier day!—  
 "—The skies we gain—thy senses o'er  
 "Now comes a bliss unfelt before—  
 "A spirit that has near us past,  
 "From wing unseen this influence cast.  
 "Still would'st thou sink to duller day?  
 "Ah, why yon shadowy ball survey  
 "Thou Julia! now shouldst weep no more!  
 "Yon earthly orb why look'st thou o'er?  
 "And mark'st not how that tearful scene  
 "Chills as I gaze, my altered mien—  
 "Oft raging o'er those darksome plains,  
 "Fierce madness shakes his sounding chains.  
 "There on his prey triumphant flies  
 "With quivering lip and starting eyes  
 "Revenge—and oft, when however near,  
 "Despair's last sighs I trembling hear.  
 "That softer form, where beauty blooms,  
 "Which virtue warms, which grace illumines,  
 "Severer pangs is doomed to prove,  
 "With useless tenderness to love;  
 "—And would'st thou thus, my Julia! burn?  
 "—And would'st thou to yon earth return?  
 Yet think not wisdom, virtue, love,  
 Can mourn on earth unmarked above.  
 "The spirit as from earth we flew  
 "That blissful influence o'er thee threw,  
 "Now, can no human sorrow know,  
 "Yet felt for thee one kindred glow,  
 "For imag'd fair in thee was seen  
 "What once on earth herself had been.  
 "Thou too to glory raise thine eyes,  
 "Speed seraph o'er yon opening skies!  
 "For thee this airy harp I bring,  
 "With swiftness thus inspire thy wing,

" And thus thy mortal ear unclose,  
 " Now harmony can there repose.

" " With angel sense I clothe thy frame,  
 " O'er thee I breathe the living flame.  
 " Thy book is closed, thy prize is won—  
 " —Thy trial past—thy bliss begun—  
 " And kindling from that bliss I view  
 " Thy changing form—rise—rise—adieu ! " "

The subject is sublimely interesting ; he alone who could conceive the design, could execute it, and he could not fail in the attempt.

The Ode to Mirth (p. 39.) has in it all the ingenuity of a lottery-trap ; a sign is hung out which promises entertainment very different from what we meet with on entering. From the superscription and the beginning we look for every thing that is cheerful, and find ourselves, before we are aware of it, decoyed into the midst of pensive imagery. This *catch* in the general plan of the poem is a conceit we reprobate, and in its conduct we have a good specimen of that obscurity, which is a characteristic fault in Mr. Smyth's poetry, and deforms the loftiest efforts of his muse. Among the numerous tribes of ladies, allegorical and real, who have favoured our author with their acquaintance, Mirth cannot be included. For the portrait with which the ode commences, she surely never sat ; it does not present one appropriate feature.

' Thou with hurried step advancing,  
 Restless round thine eye quick glancing,  
 On thy cheek the rose fresh glowing,  
 In the breeze thy zone loose flowing,' &c.

The hurried step is properly applied to Fear, by Collins. The zone loose flowing marks the Paphian Venus. Nor can Mr. Smyth here shelter himself under the authority we have just brought against him. We are aware that the same poet says of Mirth, ' Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound ; ' but let us observe that at the time ' Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round ! ' In order to see the defects of this description more clearly, contrast it with the exquisite lines of Milton on the same subject. The group in the 3d stanza seems ill-sorted and incongruous, and there are other passages against which strong objections may, we think, be urged. There is however high poetical beauty in many detached parts of the ode ; the last of the following stanzas is particularly striking.

' True—to me has bounteous Heaven,  
Now a kinder fate bestowed,  
And with a lavish hand has given  
Bliss to me it never owed.

' Still though bright the day be shining,  
Clouds that in the morn were seen  
Not as yet the sky resigning  
Oft floating pass the blue serene.' (p. 44.)

The idea is just and beautiful, the expression elegant, and the effect greatly heightened by a feeling of surprise: at the commencement, we rather make up our minds for some of the common-place of poetry, about the sun of prosperity, and the clouds of adversity, and experience an agreeable astonishment on finding that we have gained an allusion new, lively, and appropriate. It is somewhere observed, that a compliment is then peculiarly graceful, when from the beginning we are led to resign ourselves to some hackneyed sentiment of customary politeness, but are surprised by an ingenious turn, by which a new and unlooked for idea is brought out. Detached beauties are scattered with great profusion through this little volume; none among them is more impressive than this affecting sentiment contained in a poem of no common merit, (p. 143) in which the author describes the anxious but fruitless attempts he made to alleviate the sorrows of a friend; that friend, of course, was a female.

' To fashion's realms my fancy flies,  
I tell of whims and follies gay;  
With languid look she faint replies,  
And smiles my gaiety away.'

This must go to the heart of every one who thinks and feels. It is beautifully illustrated by the following passage from an elegant writer on the principles of taste, (Addison). ' We are generally unhappy instead of being delighted at the song of a bird in the cage. It is somewhat like the smile of grief, infinitely more dreadful than its tears, or like the playfulness of an infant amid scenes of sorrow.'

The English Lyrics possess a felicity of expression which generally clothes the idea in the most appropriate dress; but it appears to us that there are many liberties taken, by which the idiomatic purity of our language is violated. We remarked some strained inversions; verbs are not unfrequently omitted where we expect to find them; and where many verbs of the same inflection succeed each other, the auxiliary which in the first instance distinguishes the sense, is dropped not only in those of the same period, but extends its

services to others in succeeding sentences. In the Ode to Pity (p. 67), the verb 'mark' tyrannizes over accusative cases through two long sentences; and were a remedy applied by throwing them into one, it would be so preposterously long that the jurisdiction of the verb, though lawful, would be feebly felt at the extremity. Nor can we approve the capricious irregularity of metre in some of Mr. Smyth's odes, notwithstanding the display of skill in the execution; variety of measure is indeed the peculiar privilege of the lyric muse, but to secure its effects it must be regulated: when excessive, it tires and offends the ear, as much as the most monotonous uniformity. The extremes, though they set art in opposite directions, will meet at the same point.

Mr. Smyth undoubtedly possesses a rich imagination, and a peculiar warmth and delicacy of feeling: from the first sometimes arises a luxuriant intemperance which passes the boundaries of correct taste; hence also the connection between his imagery is at times so fine that it occasions obscurity. To his feelings he is indebted for many characteristic excellencies, yet it sometimes approaches to a refinement which has the sickliness of disease. Were not this tendency counteracted, Mr. Smyth might perhaps sink to a diluted sensibility, into exactly the '*tenerum quiddam et laxâ cervice legendum*.' His Laura's, his Julia's, his Emilie's, and his Olivia's, might be melted down into an insipid sweetness, which could only pour delight over the nerves of the gentlest of gentle readers.

Phyllidas, Hipsipylas, vatum et plorabile siquid  
Eliquat, et tenero supplantat verba palato.

Were not this tendency counterbalanced, he would really be—take it in all the languid prettiness of our poet—

'The hapless plant, whose feeling frame  
Turns from the stranger's touch away,  
Exists but in the softened beam  
Which art around it can convey.  
By every passing gale distrest,  
By coarser stems that near it rise,  
By every impulse rude oppress,  
Expose it, and like me, it dies!' p. 12.

Nor would this rude world, alas! furnish a habitation sufficiently genial for himself, and the delicate plants of the same soft family.

'Fine forms alone shall visit then  
With gentle voice, and softened mien!' p. 11.



In Mr. Smyth, however, we cannot but observe also a manly and vigorous intellect, which, although it sometimes may allow these inferior faculties a temporary usurpation, yet in general asserts its lawful authority over them, checks their extravagancies, and gives them tone and dignity. It has been admirably shown by one of the acutest reasoners that this country has to boast (Butler, author of the *Analogy*, &c. Vid. his *Discourses on Human Nature*), that the moral character does not depend on the degree in which any moral feeling is found absolutely in the mind, but on the proportion which they respectively bear to each other. The observation may with equal justice be extended to the intellectual character, and Mr. S. furnishes a very striking illustration of its truth.

---

ART. IX.—*An Account of the Life and Writings of James Beattie, LL.D. &c. Including many of his original Letters. By Sir William Forbes, of Pittligo, Bart. One of the Executors of Dr. Beattie. 2 vols. 4to. Longman. 1806.*

THE labours of literary men, it is true, are not of the same shining and conspicuous nature as the exploits of the warrior or the wisely directed efforts of the statesman: yet we are enabled to impart a lively interest to their biography by exhibiting a picture of the progress of such men in intellectual attainments, of the feelings which they experienced during the composition of their most esteemed works, and of the opinions which they held on important subjects. These are the topics which are calculated to interest us, and upon such, therefore, it should be the object of the literary biographer to enlarge. The author of the work before us has very judiciously followed the example of Mr. Mason in his life of Gray, and of Hayley in that of Cowper; he has introduced into his narrative the most valuable and illustrative part of Dr. Beattie's correspondence; thus enabling the reader to be his own judge in many points of character, and making the subject of the narrative relate in some measure his own history. The advantages of this plan must be sufficiently obvious, if we consider the paucity of events which in general vary the life of a student, and the many interesting views of his character and opinions, which are thus opened to us by the perusal of his confidential correspondences. But, in following out this plan, there is much caution requisite lest we load our work with a multitude of uninteresting particulars, which, however they

may have occupied the attention of the subject of the narrative, tend in fact to illustrate neither the history of his life nor the qualities of his mind : and we cannot dismiss this remark without observing that the biographer of Beattie has perhaps erred in the introduction of several letters which bear but little relation to the history of that distinguished writer. Thus he has laid before us a formal epistle from Dr Beattie thanking Lord Buchan, in the name of the Marischal college, for the silver pen which he annually bestowed as a prize to their students. Similar instances, however, are rare ; and we must acquit Sir William Forbes of every thing which can tend in any degree to injure or to trifle with the character of his friend.

Dr. Beattie, our author informs us, was born in 1735 at Lawrencekirk, a small village in the county of Kinkardine in Scotland. His parentage was poor but respectable ; his father, who was fond of reading, had in this way acquired a degree of information which was not to be expected in his humble rank of life ; for he kept a small retail shop in the village, and rented a spot of ground, which he cultivated with his own hands. Young Beattie as he advanced in years was sent to the parish school, where he distinguished himself by his fondness for books and love of poetry.

‘ Even at that early period,’ says our author, ‘ his turn for poetry began to shew itself, and among his schoolfellows he went by the name of the poet. It was remarked, that during the night-time he used to get out of bed, and walk about his chamber, in order to write down any poetical thought that had struck his fancy.’

In his fourteenth year he entered a student in the university of Aberdeen, where his diligence and abilities attracted the notice of his teachers, and obtained for him one of the bursaries, or annual stipends intended for the assistance of the poorer students. After finishing his course of study, he was appointed school master and parish clerk in a village not far from the place of his nativity ; and it was in the solitude of this humble situation, with scarce a friend to converse with, that he studied nature, and nurtured the seeds of that poetical genius which was afterwards to become so conspicuous.

‘ At a small distance from the place of his residence, a deep and extensive glen, finely clothed with wood, runs up into the mountains. Thither he frequently repaired, and there several of his earliest pieces were written. From that wild and romantic spot he drew as from the life some of the finest descriptions and most beautiful pictures of nature in his poetical compositions. He has been

heard to say, for instance, that the description of the owl in his charming poem on Retirement, "Whence the scared owl," &c. was drawn after real nature.—It was his supreme delight to saunter in the fields the livelong night, contemplating the sky, and marking the approach of day.' (p. 20.)

Dr. Beattie was afterwards removed to the grammar school of Aberdeen, in the capacity of usher; and from this he was soon promoted to the chair of moral philosophy in the Marischal college. Thus raised from an humble station in life to competence and the society of gentlemen and men of learning, our literary hero entered keenly into the pursuits of his peculiar department, and became an active member of those societies which had been instituted at Aberdeen by a number of gentlemen, some of whom afterwards became eminently distinguished in the republic of letters. Soon after this appointment he published a small volume of miscellaneous poems, consisting of translations and a few original pieces: of these some were retained in the after-editions, but a great part was rejected by the more mature judgment of the author.

Sir W. F. here introduces us to the acquaintance of Dr. Beattie's correspondents, and presents us with a series of letters, containing his opinions on literary and philosophical subjects. The following extract from a letter to Lord Glenbervie, will furnish some idea of the labour which Dr. Beattie bestowed on the acquisition of a pure and correct style; and exhibit at the same time the feelings of his countrymen in their first attempts at English composition:

'The greatest difficulty in acquiring the art of writing English is one which I have seldom heard our countrymen complain of, and which I was never sensible of till I had spent some years in labouring to acquire that art. It is to give a *vernacular* cast to the English we write. I must explain myself. We who live in Scotland are obliged to study when we write English from books, like a dead language. Accordingly when we write, we write it like a dead language, which we understand, but cannot speak; avoiding, perhaps, all ungrammatical expressions, and even the barbarisms of our country, but at the same time without communicating that neatness, ease, and softness of phrase, which appears so conspicuously in Addison, Lord Lyttleton, and other elegant English authors. Our style is stately and unwieldy, and clogs the tongue in pronouncing, and smells of the lamp. We are slaves to the language we write, and are continually afraid of committing gross blunders; and when an easy, familiar, idiomatical phrase occurs, dare not adopt it, if we recollect no authority, for fear of Scotticisms. In a word, we handle English as a person who cannot fence handles a sword; continually afraid

of hurting ourselves with it, or letting it fall, or making some awkward motion that shall betray our ignorance. An English author of learning is the master, not the slave, of his language, and wields it gracefully, because he wields it with ease, and with full assurance that he has the command of it. In order to get over this difficulty, which I fear is in some respects insuperable after all, I have been continually poring upon Addison, the best parts of Swift, Lord Lytleton, &c. The ear is of great service in these matters; and I am convinced the greater part of Scottish authors hurt their style by admiring and imitating one another. At Edinburgh, it is currently said by your critical people, that Hume, Robertson, &c. write English better than the English themselves; than which in my judgment there cannot be a greater absurdity.' VOL. II, P. 16.

During Mr. Gray's visit to Scotland, Dr. Beattie, on being informed of this circumstance, addressed a letter to him containing the warmest expressions of regard, and soliciting his acquaintance: it was received by Mr. Gray in the most cordial manner, and laid the foundation of a friendship between those two poets, which was only destroyed by the death of the latter.

The sceptical doctrines of Mr. Hume, which had for some time occupied the thoughts of many of our philosophers, began at this period to solicit strongly the attention of Dr. Beattie by the intimate relation which they bore to the subject of his lectures; and he now entered upon those researches which ultimately produced his celebrated *Essay upon Truth*. It is interesting to see the dawnings of his ideas upon this subject, and the original plan of his treatise. (Letter to the author, vol. I. P. 79.) Dr. B. indignant at the irreligious tendency of the sceptical philosophy and the success with which its doctrines were propagated, caught with avidity the tenets of Reid; but, destitute of the cautious and truly philosophical spirit of that writer, he betook himself to the principle of common sense, as a never-failing resource in the refutation of every opinion, which though apparently dangerous in its tendency, he found it difficult to invalidate by argument. The advantages which mental philosophy has derived from the exertions of Dr. Reid, are of the most important nature: to have shewn that here, as well as in mathematics, some data are required before we proceed one step in our researches, was in a manner to lay the foundation of the science. But the fewer our postulates, and the more irresistible their truth, the greater will be the stability of the superstructure which they support. Nor can we admire the sagacity of that philosopher, who would resort to the principle of inward conviction upon unnecessary

occasions, and tell us that memory and imagination must be essentially different, because we feel them to be so.\* But although Dr. Beattie has by no means succeeded in pointing out with philosophical accuracy, the true limits which bound the operation of the principle of common sense, and however we may object to the severity of personal invective, which the *Essay on Truth* occasionally exhibits; we are yet persuaded that its influence in the overthrow of Mr. Hume's system was infinitely greater than that of the more legitimate deductions of Dr. Reid. The lively manner in which Dr. B. presents his arguments, and the little dialogues interspersed through the work, are calculated to make the strongest impression, more particularly on minds that are readily dazzled into scepticism by the display of subtle and ingenious argument. In this point of view we conceive Dr. B. to have deserved well of his country, and to have followed up in a most successful manner, the victories of his more philosophical predecessors. In proof of our opinion of Beattie's talents as a philosopher, the work now before us furnishes many curious facts. In a letter to Dr. Blacklock he says of the writings of Reid and Campbell,

'I wish they had carried their researches a little farther, and expressed themselves with more firmness and spirit. For well I know, that their works, for want of this, will never produce that effect, which (if all mankind were cool metaphysical reasoners) might be expected from them. They have great metaphysical abilities; and they love the metaphysical sciences. I do not.' VOL. I. P. 133.

Upon the subject of his papers on Truth, which he had just sent to the printer, he writes to Major Mercer in the following manner:

'With them I intend to bid adieu to metaphysics, and all your authors of profound speculation; for, of all the trades to which that multifarious animal man can turn himself, I am now disposed to look upon intense study as the idlest, the most unsatisfying, and the most unprofitable. You cannot easily conceive with what greediness I now peruse the *Arabian Nights Entertainments*, *Gulliver's Travels*, *Robinson Crusoe*, &c. I am like a man who has escaped from the mines, and is now drinking in the fresh air and light on the top of some of the mountains of Dalecarlia.' VOL. I. P. 152.

The same sentiments are thus expressed in still stronger

---

\* The truth is, that when we remember, we generally know that we remember; when we imagine, we generally know that we imagine: Such is our constitution. *Essay on Truth*. P. I. c. ii. § 4.



language, although several years after the publication of the *Essay on Truth* :

‘How much my mind has been injured by certain speculations, you will partly guess when I tell you a fact, that is now unknown to all the world, that since the *Essay on Truth* was printed in quarto in the summer of 1776, I have never dared to read it over. Not that I am in the least dissatisfied with the sentiments: every word of my own doctrine, I do seriously believe; nor have I ever seen any objections to it which I could not easily answer. But the habit of anticipating and obviating arguments, upon an abstruse and interesting subject, came in time to have dreadful effects upon my nervous system, and I cannot read what I then wrote without some degree of horror, because it recalls to my mind the horrors that I have sometimes felt after passing a long evening in those severe studies.’ VOL. II. P. 35.

‘I know not,’ says Dr. B. in a letter to the author, ‘whether a habit of thinking too deeply on certain points, may not tend rather to darken, than to illuminate the understanding. It certainly produces a facility of devising objections, which, though we see they are frivolous, may give us a great deal of trouble. I wish my son to believe what the scripture declares concerning providence; but I would not wish him to enter so far into the subject, as ever to be puzzled in his attempts to reconcile divine decrees with contingency, or the divine prescience with human liberty.’ VOL. I. P. 404.

From these passages, as well as from the internal evidence of the *Essay on Truth*, we have been led to conceive that Dr. Beattie was deficient in the true spirit of philosophical inquiry, however successful he may have been in the popular exposition of the errors of scepticism. Our author has given in the appendix, an analysis of the *Essay on Truth*, in which he exhibits a clear and methodical view of the plan of this work, and the mode of its execution. We expected that he would have proceeded to lay before us some critical observations, and a general consideration of the objections which have been urged against the doctrines of Beattie; but he with great modesty informs us, that he had hopes of receiving assistance on this subject from Professor Stewart of Edinburgh. Disappointed in this expectation, he has given us some partial extracts from a letter of Mr. Stewart’s, which bears ample testimony to the various powers of Dr. Beattie. Our curiosity was roused by the following expression in the letter we have just mentioned. ‘These critical remarks on the *Essay on Truth* do not in the least affect the essential merits of that very valuable performance.’ vol. ii. P. 388.—We would gladly known the nature of those remarks to which Mr. Stewart thus alludes.

It is interesting to observe what difficulties authors have experienced in the publication of their most celebrated works. The Essay on Truth was refused by the bookseller to whom it was offered; and Sir William Forbes with his friend Mr. Arbuthnot, zealous for the reputation and success of its author, generously became the proprietors of the first edition, for which they remitted to Dr. B. the sum of 50 guineas, but without fully explaining to him the real nature of the transaction. No sooner was this Essay given to the public than the fame of its author was spread abroad by the numerous opponents of Mr. Hume's philosophy: many of the English clergy in particular, to whom the doctrines of the sceptics were peculiarly and justly obnoxious, took an early opportunity of testifying the high sense which they entertained of the services of the Scottish professor. By the exertions of his friends he was presented to their Majesties, and had a pension of two hundred pounds per annum bestowed upon him by the king. Contented with what he had now obtained, he returned to the exercise of his academical duties, and relinquished his intended plan of becoming a member of the English church, although pressed to it by the most liberal offers of preferment. At an after period, he declined the chair of moral philosophy in the university of Edinburgh, from motives of feeling and delicacy, which he has finely expressed in a letter replying to the expostulations of his friends. He felt that, by the change, he would be placed among those who differed widely from him in principle and opinion; while he relinquished at the same time, a society where he was highly respected, and where his lessons of morality were as useful as they could possibly prove in any other seminary of learning. The manly strength of language, and the spirit of independence which breathe in this letter would readily induce us to present it to our readers, did our limits admit of its insertion. (See VOL. I. P. 312.)

To his reputation as a philosopher Dr. B. soon added that of a poet, by the publication of his *Minstrel*, which is so eminently distinguished for the sweetness and harmony of its versification, and the chaste elegance of its language. The descriptions of natural scenery, with which it abounds, acknowledge a mind that was acutely sensible to all their beauties; and the feelings of the *Minstrel*, which the author admits (p. 207. i.) to have been those of his own youthful breast, evince a truly poetic spirit. Sir William has presented us with a letter from Lord Lyttleton to a friend of Dr. B.'s, in which his lordship expresses, with great beauty, the delight which he received from the first perusal of the

Minstrel: it is a relic of that distinguished character, which every one must receive with peculiar satisfaction.

Dr. Beattie while engaged in the study of the Italian writers occasionally amused himself with translating passages from their poetical works, and sometimes with remarkable felicity. His imitation of Metastasio's charming song '*L'onda dal mar divisa*,' &c. although less simple than the original, is executed with great elegance.

'Waters, from the ocean borne,  
Bathe the valley and the hill,  
Prison'd in the fountain mourn,  
Warble down the winding rill.

'But wherever doom'd to stray,  
Still they murmur and complain,  
Still pursue their ling'ring way,  
Till they join their native main.

'After many a year of woe,  
Many a long, long wand'ring past,  
Where at first they learn'd to flow,  
There they hope to rest at last.'

During the latter part of Dr. B.'s life, the unhappy state of his wife's mind became a source of the most harrassing distress; and in some of his letters he has described his situation in the most touching manner. At a subsequent period, the death of his two sons completed what this first affliction had begun. On the death of James, who had been appointed to succeed him in the professorship, he published an account of the life of that excellent and promising young man, together with a collection of his poems. Our author informs us that it was given to the public against the advice of his most intimate friends; and we must regret that their opinion was not listened to with attention, for it testifies a fond but weakened mind. The loss of his second and only remaining child totally unhinged his mental frame, and reduced him to the situation, which our author has so impressively described in the following passage:

'After searching in every room of the house, he (Dr. B.) would say to his niece, *you may think it strange, but I must ask you if I have a son, and where he is?* She then felt herself under the painful necessity of bringing to his recollection his son Montagu's sufferings, which always restored him to reason. And he would often, with many tears, express his thankfulness that he had no child, saying: *How could I have borne to have seen their elegant minds mangled with madness!* When he looked for the last time on the dead body of his son, he said, *I have now done with the world:* and he ever after seemed to act as if he thought so. For he never applied himself to any sort of study, and answered but few of the let-

ters he received from the friends whom he most valued. Yet the receiving a letter from an old friend never failed to put him in spirits for the rest of the day. Music, which had been his great delight, he could not endure, after the death of his eldest son, to hear from others; and he disliked his own favourite violoncello. A few months before Montagu's death he did begin to play a little by way of accompaniment when Montagu sung, but after he lost him, when he was prevailed on to touch the violoncello, he was always discontented with his own performance, and at last seemed to be unhappy when he heard it. The only enjoyment he seemed to have was in books, and the society of a very few old friends.' (v. 307. ii.)

The horrors of derangement, dreadful as they are in common cases, become doubly aggravated, when the miserable victim is conscious, at intervals, of the loss which he has sustained: the recollection of what he once was, presents itself to his mind in the most agonizing form, and brings with it new tortures from which he is relieved only by torpor or distraction. Those who have never witnessed such a scene, may perhaps form some idea of it, from the perusal of Dr. B.'s letters after the death of his son Montagu: there are strokes in them which touch the tenderest chords of sympathy, and must draw tears from the eyes of every feeling reader.

'I have passed many a bitter hour, though on those occasions nobody sees me. I fear my reason is a little disordered, for I have sometimes thought of late, especially in a morning, that Montagu is not dead, though I seem to have a remembrance of a dream that he is. This you will say, what I myself believe, is a symptom not uncommon in cases similar to mine, and that I ought by all means to go from home as soon as I can. Inclination would draw me to Peterhead; but the intolerable road forbids it, and I believe I must go southward, where the roads are very good: *at least I hear so.*' (Lett. to Dr. Laing, 310. i.)

'A deep gloom hangs upon me, and disables all my faculties, and *thoughts so strange* sometimes occur to me as to make me "*fear that I am not,*" as Lear says, "*in my perfect mind.*" (Lett. to Sir W. Forbes, 311. i.)

Under this state of intellectual debility, which had now continued nearly three years, Dr. B. was attacked with a paralytic stroke; and at different periods the same affection recurred till 1803, when it at length terminated an existence which only served to exhibit the melancholy wreck of a mind once replete with genius and learning.

The greater part of Dr. B.'s correspondence in the work before us, is addressed to Mrs. Montagu, the author of *Remarks on the Genius and Writings of Shakspeare*, to the Duchess of Gordon, Sir W. Forbes, and Mr. Arbuthnot. It is pleasing to remark how Dr. Beattie varies his episto-

lary style: with Mrs. Montagu he indulges in critical remark and sober reflection; with the duchess he is lively and gallant, and if he ever touch on a learned subject, it is to speak of the flight of Helen, or the loves of Petrarch and Laura. Upon the whole, he writes in an easy and familiar style, always sensibly, and sometimes with great happiness of expression. We refer our readers to the beautiful description which he has given of Hunton in Kent, (p. 142, ii.). The letters of Mrs. Montagu have afforded us much pleasure and entertainment: her remarks are judicious, and her style neat and often elegant.

Our author has presented us with an amiable picture of the character of his deceased friend. To a charitable, humane, and pious disposition, Dr. Beattie united the warm and lively feelings of a poet: like a poet, however, he readily conceived a prejudice or prepossession, and often strongly expressed the opinions which he had thus hastily formed. Although in his early years he had been remarkable for the suavity of his manners, he became, at a more advanced period, irritable and impatient, particularly on subjects of metaphysical controversy. He was fond of society, and ambitious to be esteemed a wit; but in this, as our author informs us, he was little successful; his puns and jokes being rarely distinguished either for liveliness or point. Dr. B. took great delight in music, more particularly simple airs, and the compositions of the old school; he understood it in theory, and performed on the violoncello with taste and expression: he was likewise an admirer of paintings; and occasionally amused himself with making caricature sketches, which he executed with considerable success. As a teacher Dr. Beattie was indefatigable, and even so laboriously attentive as to dictate to his pupils a daily abstract of the lecture he delivered. We have heard, that towards the latter period of his life, he was addicted to the intemperate use of wine; and his biographer mentions the report, but adds, at the same time, that during the frequent opportunities which he enjoyed of seeing Dr. Beattie, he never once remarked this propensity. As the worthy Baronet well observes, we ought to draw the veil over such failings, and to remember the aggravated miseries of bodily pain under which Dr. B. laboured, and the tortured feelings which he must have suffered, when he reflected on the condition of his wife, and the loss of those in whom he had centered all his hopes and his fears.

Our author has given in the appendix, some account of the prose writings of Dr. Beattie, consisting of a tedious



abstract of their contents, with occasional quotations.—We regret that he has not enlivened it with such critical remarks as might have served to relieve the dulness by which it is now characterized : he has hazarded only such observations as these—

‘ Upon the whole this is an admirable essay ; displaying much knowledge of the human heart and understanding ; and *whence*, whoever reads it with attention will reap both entertainment and instruction in no ordinary measure.’ (VOL. II. P. 393.)

Or—

‘ This is an excellent essay.’ (P. 404.)

We agree with our author in most of his remarks on the style of Dr. Beattie’s prose works, which are no doubt distinguished by perspicuous purity and occasionally by elevation and elegance. But we are at a loss to understand the author when he says, ‘ In thus aiming at simplicity he was far from losing sight of sublimity of diction’ (P. 332.ii.) ; for simplicity we regard as an essential ingredient in sublime composition.

With respect to the labours of the worthy Baronet, he has performed a valuable service, in thus communicating to the public the memoirs of a man so eminent ;—a task for which he was peculiarly qualified by the intimate acquaintance in which he lived with Dr. Beattie during the long period of 40 years. The style of our author is plain and unambitious of ornament, but often disfigured by awkward expressions and quaint phrases : thus he says—‘ A very high degree of elegant and *chastised* wit and humour’—‘ The plan and mode of execution of this poem’—‘ This letter which was *ostensible*’—‘ An elegant and *well-written* account.’ ‘ The *sixty-eight* year of his age,’ we suppose to be an error of the press. These we recommend to the author’s correction ; as well as an expression in Dr. B.’s letter to Mrs. Montagu, where he says, ‘ How different is Dr. Gregory’s legacy to Mr. Hume’s!’ (VOL. II. P. 54.)

Care has been taken by Sir William Forbes to furnish notices of the different persons concerned in the correspondence before us ; and his readers will in general thank him for the attention which he has bestowed : we cannot however persuade ourselves that it was necessary to detail the lives of Garrick and Blacklock ; nor do we see the propriety of so long a notice of Mr. Carr, who is little if at all connected with the biography of Dr. Beattie.

The volumes before us exhibit a specimen of elegant and correct typography, and are further ornamented by a beau-

tiful engraving of the justly admired picture of Dr. Beattie by Sir J. Reynolds; we are presented also with a fac-simile of his hand-writing, which appears to have been uncommonly neat and regular. This, however, is easily explained, when we recollect the occupations of Dr. B. in early life. The specimens of writing are multiplied to many pages, without any propriety which we can discover.

The reflections of our author when he considers his own situation—verging to the period, when he shall follow the much valued friend for whom he now performs the last duties of affection, do honour to his feelings as a Christian, and are expressed in the simple language of nature :

‘On thus reviewing the long period of forty years that have elapsed since the commencement of our intimacy, it is impossible for me not to be deeply affected by the reflection, that of the numerous friends with whom he and I were wont to associate at the period of our earliest acquaintance, all, I think, except three, have already paid their debt to nature; and that in no long time (how soon is known only to *Him*, the great disposer of all events) my gray hairs shall sink into the grave, and I also shall be numbered with those who have been. May a situation so awful make its due impression on my mind!’ &c. (p. 342. ii.)

Upon the whole, we have been much pleased with the work before us; and can assure our readers that they will find its perusal neither tedious or unprofitable.

---

ART. X.—*An Answer to the Inquiry into the State of the Nation; with Strictures on the Conduct of the present Ministry.* See. Murray. 1806.

WHEN a pamphlet, assisted by efforts of administration, has obtained a considerable circulation, it is a common speculation to answer it; but the author generally fails in his object, whether it be profit, or public good.

Reading, at this time, is a species of sensuality, and readers have recourse to books, as stimuli, in a state of idleness, lassitude, and torpor. Administration, however they may want real wisdom or real virtue, seldom want the art of profiting by the errors and the moral diseases of the country. They generally provide for this *love of reading*, and by means of it, they alarm the fears, and mislead the hopes of the credulous multitude.

The \* ‘*Inquiry into the State of the Nation*’ has been written

---

\* For a review of this work see Critical Review for June.

and circulated on these principles. Like all empirics, ministers would induce a belief that the patient is incurable; that, if he should perish under the processes, they may impute the blame to their predecessors, and if he should escape even their errors, they may claim the credit of a miracle.

The author of this pamphlet detects some artifices of this nature; but he has not bestowed sufficient time on the subject, nor perhaps brought to it all the information which its discussion requires.

The following observations relating to the conduct of Mr. Pitt deserve attention, though they may not in all respects be just.

‘ Although Mr. Pitt’s name is not mentioned in this publication, the whole attack, with the exception of Lord Grenville’s share, is directed in substance against him. When the present confederacy, the greatest which for nearly a century had been formed against France, first developed its strength, the opposition press loudly refused Mr. Pitt the merit of its formation; but since Mack’s infatuation marred our fairest prospects, every epithet of censure has been cast upon that distinguished minister. He is accused of not having exercised in foreign states an extent of power which a sovereign often finds difficult in his own kingdom—of not having controlled from London the operations in Bavaria. The faults of every court are ascribed to him, as if he had ruled Europe with despotic sway. Is it not obvious that England, remote from the theatre of war, must leave the conduct of military operations to the powers who are near them, whose force consists in armies, and who are more immediately interested in the issue of the campaign than herself? Were she permitted to direct the movements of the league, what could ensue from her distance but delay and disaster? The province of the British minister was therefore to employ the resources of his country to unite as large a part as possible of the commonwealth of Europe against its oppressor; to conciliate the jarring interests of those powers, and bind them together in a solid league, definite in its objects, and upright in its views; to conduct this arduous negotiation with secrecy, and by every possible precaution to avoid awakening the suspicion of a vigilant enemy; and finally, after having agreed upon a general plan of operations, to commit the detail to those who were to execute them, avoiding that interference in particular objects which involves the ruin of confederacies by the distraction of their views, and the division of their force.

‘ In whatever way we examine the conduct of these important measures on the part of Mr. Pitt, we shall find the most solid grounds of approbation. The alliance was formidable in magnitude beyond example, the cordiality of its members has been evinced by their constancy under disaster, and the whole scheme was concealed from the enemy until the Russians were approaching to Germany. England

therefore amply fulfilled her part in the coalition, and its failure was occasioned by causes beyond her controul.

'The career of the illustrious statesman we have lost, has been uniform ; it was no less great in its close than promising in its commencement. The historian of his life will be under no necessity to call in to his panegyric the aid of eloquent or impassioned language : let him endeavour to elevate his mind to the conception of Mr. Pitt's views, to investigate his measures by their own merits, to weigh his motives and conduct in silent meditation without attending to the reports either of friends or enemies, and he will pourtray a character equally admirable in all that enlightens the mind, and dignifies the heart.'

Mr. Fox's conduct is, we fear, too justly delineated in this passage :

'I might add that the property tax, formerly the most obnoxious to the present administration of all Mr. Pitt's financial measures, and the object of their most clamorous resistance, has been not only continued, but almost doubled by them in a single stage. The measures on which I have animadverted, and others of a similar nature, have already very much impaired the popularity of the new ministry. Mr. Fox, so long the strenuous champion of popular rights, the jealous observer of ministers, has become in office an accommodating colleague, a pliant imitator of his predecessors. The adoption of those principles which it has been the object of his life to urge with vehemence, he now good-naturedly adjourns to a future period. He accounted them formerly of sufficient magnitude to hazard the division of the country. Such is now his additional stock of prudence, that he will not for their sake divide even the cabinet. To the majority of his own party, who believed that all he said was sincere, and all that he proposed practicable ; who, on his coming into office, were big with the expectation of that radical change which he had declared to be our only remaining chance of salvation, the disappointment has been inexpressible. His consequent loss of popularity has been incalculable. With the opposite party his conduct in office has had a tendency to tranquillize fear without procuring esteem. Those keen partisans of the late ministry, who from his constant and violent opposition considered him devoid of all principle, are pleased, without a minute scrutiny of his motives, to find him pursue that course which raises a lasting monument to Mr. Pitt's fame, while it affixes the seal of condemnation to himself. Those calmer minds, who explained the inveteracy of his opposition by the warmth of his temperament, and who considered his speeches in general to be the effusions of the moment, have experienced no surprise from his late conduct. They had always deemed him a man of more imagination than judgment. His talents they knew were great, but inadequately cultivated. They had no sanguine expectations from his coming into office ; but they had some dread of danger from the practical execution of former declarations. Of this dread they now begin to be relieved, and they

consider it infinitely better for the country that a party should be inconsistent, than that the public safety should be compromised. The contrast therefore between the present and former conduct of the old opposition affords them matter of security: but this security, however satisfactory in itself, is unmixed with any approving sentiment towards the quarter from whence it is derived. From Mr. Fox, the adoption of Mr. Pitt's measures proceeds with the worst grace, since it implies the dereliction of those principles for which he has so long and so violently contended. He must be impressed with a conviction either of the wisdom of Mr. Pitt's plans, or of the reverse. In the former case, he has made a very sudden discovery that he has himself been mistaken throughout; that the objects of his hostility to ministers, and of his promises during so many years to the country, have been fallacious, and his long course of opposition captious, wanton, and criminal; or if he still retain his former sentiments, it will be difficult to explain his conduct in other terms than those the *Morning Chronicle* lately applied to the Governor, *ad interim*, of India, when desirous to make him give way for Lord Lauderdale; namely, "by commending his personal policy and prudence at the expence of some other qualifications which alone can entitle any man to esteem in private life or to the confidence of the public."

The conclusion is seriously and impressively addressed:

"The present publication has been currently denominated the manifesto of the new ministry. This title is, in one respect, not inapplicable; for an invading enemy could not have scattered a declaration more calculated to depress the spirit of the country. Although professedly an Inquiry into the State of the Nation, it fulfils but a small part of its title; for its researches extend only to those points in our national situation which it suits Mr. Fox's purpose to examine. It endeavours, by every species of misrepresentation, to throw odium upon the late ministry, and to constitute them the authors of all the disasters of the last campaign. It describes the situation of Europe, and of this country, as to the last degree calamitous, in order that the nation may feel grateful to the present ministers, for having *consented* to undertake the management of affairs at this pretended crisis, and may shut its eyes to the contrast between the splendour of their former promises, and insignificance of their performance—between the abuse which they used to lavish on their predecessors, and the approbation they now confer by adopting the measures which they formerly reprobated. Delusions of this nature may impose on the credulity of the French, but the British nation are not to be thus blinded; they will not acknowledge that to be a just report of the state of the nation, in which all mention is studiously avoided of their trade, their finances, and their navy; a trade extensive and flourishing beyond example; a navy triumphant in every quarter of the globe; finances, in which in the thirteenth year of war a loan is effected below the legal rate of interest, and our immense expences defrayed, without increasing the national debt one fiftieth of its amount. The country is not



in such terror of France as to consent to any peace which does not effectually provide for their honour and security. They will support the East India Company against Mr. Fox in their refusal to entrust the care of our Indian empire to a nobleman who has proved himself incapable of acting either wisely of his own accord, or of taking prudent advice from others. They will withhold their confidence from that ministry which bestows offices of trust and emolument on such men as the Treasurer of the Ordnance: and until they see a wiser choice of measures, with a more upright selection of servants, they will refuse to acknowledge the pretensions of the new ministry (so modestly expressed in the publication which has been examined), "to unite the largest portion of talents, experience, rank, and integrity, which ever enabled a government to secure influence with its subjects, and command respect among foreign nations." The establishment of a commission for auditing the public accounts, to an amount *nominally* immense, may be a dexterous expedient for popularity; but the public will not accept it as a *real* discharge of the pledges so often given to effect that radical change, in which was affirmed to consist "our only remaining chance of salvation."

\* An administration skilful only in heaping censures on their predecessors, will not now avail us. In that respect, the abilities of the present ministry have long been undoubted. But the country now demands of them, "Either prove to us by your actions that you surpass your predecessors, or resign in unequivocal terms the pretensions you have made."

\* If a secure and honourable peace can be obtained, there will be no necessity to prepare the public mind by the circulation of pamphlets, the obvious tendency of which is to disseminate depression. Unless the peace be secure and honourable, we shall act wisely to prefer war with all its burdens, to a deceitful truce with a tyrant so arrogant, so perfidious, and so insatiably ambitious as Bonaparte. Before we can intrust with confidence a negotiation with so artful an adversary to Mr. Fox, he must give very different proofs of wisdom from any he has yet afforded; whether in his former erroneous sentiments of the French ruler, in his late speeches in parliament, or in sanctioning a pamphlet which accuses the head of administration while it insults the country—which declares to the British nation, "that it is in vain to look around for any circumstance which may soften the gloomy picture drawn of its affairs, while it is impossible to imagine any addition which may aggravate them."

\* If Mr. Fox proceed in a course of such egregious imprudence; if while he proclaims moderation he shall endeavour to force obnoxious men into the most important stations; if he flatter himself, that by scattering abuse on his predecessors, he will blind the nation to his own errors, or be acquitted by nominal reforms of the pledges he has given the country, the consequence will be a total loss of public confidence, and his present, like his former administration, will be the transient vision of a few months. Let him exemplify the wise, just, and moderate policy he has so long recommended, or he will in

vain endeavour to soothe the public indignation by such insidious appeals as the work we have now examined. Fallacy and misrepresentation have had their day.'

---

ART. XI.—*Measures as well as Men: or, the present and future Interests of Great Britain; with a Plan for rendering us a martial, as well as a commercial People, and providing a military Force adequate to the Exigencies of the Empire, and the Security of the United Kingdom.* 8vo. Johnson. 1806.

WE have received this pamphlet, accompanied with a letter from the author, earnestly calling upon us to assist in founding 'a new but natural æra of the world, as intended by Providence, that will *complete* human prosperity and happiness, and *alone* affords the means of saving our country, and rescuing it from misery and distress.'

But these means are either out of our comprehension, or they are rules and maxims of virtue, religion, and policy, so general and so vague, that they are useless. Of what avail can it be to affirm, that if nations become virtuous, they must be happy, peaceable, and prosperous? The first difficulty is to render them good, and that difficulty the author does not remove.

He calls on all ranks, orders, and individuals, to rally round him, *Dr. Edwards*, in Suffolk-street, Charing-cross, in order to form this æra. He does not consider that a nation consisting of ten millions, could not assemble on Salisbury Plain; and that if a thousand could be brought together into Suffolk-street, the most favourable issue would be, their bestowing on *Dr. Edwards* a strait waistcoat.

The state of this country is certainly to be lamented. It is suffering for the errors and crimes of its political administrations. The present ministry have been appointed to correct those errors, but they seem rather inclined to profit by and continue them.

If *Dr. Edwards* were to supersede Lord Grenville in the business of recommending competent ministers, there are no pledges in this pamphlet that he would be more successful than his lordship either in measures or in men.

The reader may form some judgment for himself by the following passage, which is among the most animated in the work:

'Nations and empires may be great and illustrious from their wealth and military virtue: but they cannot be really prosperous

and happy, and must rapidly decline to infamy and ruin, under the direction of a false system, which, as is now shown, embraces the extremes of both economical imbecility, and political guilt. I cannot however justly stigmatize the conduct of such nations and empires, without having recourse to terms, which the school of folly and incapacity, of meanness and corruption, and of vice itself, must necessarily supply. For the description of the fatal consequences of a false, weak, and criminal system of public measures in respect of the interests of Great Britain, I must refer, therefore, to the work entitled "Peace on Earth :—" and I cannot avoid recommending its author's example to others; whose stern and awful, yet dispassionate, denunciation of the political weaknesses and vices of his country, if universally adopted, would certainly lead to the rectifying of our public affairs. The parliamentary justification and public panegyrics of them, which are never wanting on any occasion, must precipitate national ruin; cause a continuance in wretched and dangerous measures; and prevent a proper sense and horror of them, and therefore the introduction of those enlightened, and opposite views and measures, which alone can save the empire. Can a British legislature be so far degraded in virtue, and lost to all feelings of rectitude, as in this manner to screen, support, and extol the extremes both of real economical imbecility, and real political guilt, at a time when effectual means are proposed, which, if rightly understood and not thus obstructed, will remove them, redress the affairs of the nation, and perfect the public and private prosperity and happiness of the whole empire? It is the impressive voice and proper sense of truth alone, honestly applied to describe our conduct in all particulars, that can purge us of crime and folly, which we do not detest solely because from custom we permit and glory in them; and can free the mansion from virulence and contagion, so as to render it the abode of health and activity. Till truth actually rises in meridian splendour, the horizon of Great Britain will continue to be involved in the horrors of storm and darkness, enlightened only by the occasional collisions of the warring elements of human destruction. It is truth in perfect freedom which alone can expose, and triumph over political vice and folly in every quarter of the world. It is unavoidable therefore on my part, in order to save my country, not to be sparing in bringing the worst of charges and accusations against her; even of the highest injustice, of the violation of every virtue, of conduct altogether inhuman, of her voluntary desertion of all pretensions to her ancient honour and renown, as she has wronged and oppressed the man born to save her, to aggrandize her, and to raise her to the summit of prosperity and happiness. For if history can justify the present war, because before its commencement the ports of France and her allies were really full of hostile preparations; the infraction of the treaty of Amiens, because the political ability and ingenuity of ministers were unable to contrive any expedient for preserving it entire; the siege of St. Domingo, with the destruction of the French power and army in that island, because it was politic and commend-

able to destroy the foreign commerce of France, though we permitted her to send forces for its protection; and our innocence in respect of conspiring with Pichegru and Mahee against the person of the French emperor, because there was no truth in the charge: yet will history dare to vindicate Great Britain from the accusation, that she not only did not befriend the progress of the perfection of the general welfare of herself and the whole world, but neglected, wronged, and resigned to contempt, shame, poverty, and dishonour, the author of the system of national perfection, when it was advanced to such a state of maturity that she actually borrowed from it the whole of the income tax? This accusation is incontrovertibly substantiated. A gentleman \* presuming on his own philanthropic disposition, and peculiar situation in life, ventures his fortune and character in ascertaining the proper means to complete the grand system of national perfection. When he had proceeded with this object, so far as was prudent and necessary on his part, he produced to ministers the means for the purpose, including a plan for paying off the national debt, and at the same time removing the public burdens, which contained the proposals of raising the supplies within the year and the income tax. Neither proposal however was encouraged: but the latter plan was examined and allowed to be adequate for its purpose, and found exceptionable solely because a national debt was a public benefit. In vain he attempted to convince them of so gross a folly. In vain he predicted to them, that every financial aid they could prepare would soon be necessary in consequence of the political system they had adopted. When the prediction in a short time took place, they borrowed the income tax from his proposals, noticing the author as little as the idea of national perfection itself; or as little as the annihilation of finance for ever, as a national burden and grievance, contained in his proposals. Nay, Mr. Pitt without a blush ascribed all merit of the income tax to himself, and claimed and received the honour of it from all Europe; depriving the real author of all recompense, as well as of the great and dearly earned character of having discovered a new and invaluable system of finance. Parliament even shared in the whole guilt of the transaction, as it contained not a single member disposed to vindicate friendless merit, deprived of other rights and claims, much greater and more extraordinary than the honours which Mr. Pitt assumed from the income tax. Thus the completion of all the various views of universal good, of national perfection, of the means of commanding public and private prosperity and happiness, of establishing the kingdom of God on earth, and of rectifying public affairs, as proposed in this pamphlet, was concentrated in the person of the author of the income tax and in a single system of general welfare. A Roman emperor once wished, that the lives of all the Romans were condensed in one single head: but most assuredly he would have spared that head, since with its destruction his own empire must have fallen. A British ministry, a

---

\* Dr. Edwards.

Mr. Pitt, a British parliament, left that person to be ruined, and that system to be destroyed for ever; yet surreptitiously took from them the income tax.

'My countrymen! can a country be more base and unprincipled, more unjust, more impolitic, less philanthropic, patriotic, and humane, than such a transaction would show this country to be? That person however submitted not to the fatal stroke, but rose above it. He snatched from destruction, from impiety and parricide, from turpitude and impolicy far greater than ever disgraced the decline of the Roman empire, that precious system, which is destined to constitute the future perfection of the world, and complete the public and private prosperity and happiness of this kingdom; pious and true to his sacred trust, like Eneas when he snatched from the flames of Troy those precious remains, which Heaven had decreed to found a still greater empire, the greatest the world has ever known.'

This is declamation, except in the charge against Mr. Pitt of having unfairly borrowed from the Doctor the idea of the income tax.

If the invention of that tax (which, by the way, requires no powers of invention,) be the author's claim to public notice, we think the nation will never attend to his call. It is the opprobrium of English finance. It brands the memory of the late minister, and is the *Shibboleth* which instantly discovered the incompetency of his successor.

No man pretending to a regard for civil liberty or to a shadow of independence in the choice of parliamentary representatives, can avoid execrating the authors and abettors of this tax. The additions lately made to it by its extension to small incomes, are the wanton cruelties of inexperienced ignorance. But they are trifling, (though they wring every equitable and compassionate heart,) compared with the mischievous political influence of which it is the instrument.

---

ART. XII.—*Historical Review of the Moral, Religious, Literary, and Political Character of the English Nation, from the earliest Periods. By J. Andrews, L.L.D. 8vo. Barr. 1806.*

THE title page of this volume is not sparingly calculated to awaken the curiosity of readers of almost every description. How far the abundance of the promise is justified by the skill of the performance, we shall briefly attempt to ascertain. The author who ventures to exhibit on a comprehensive and philosophical scale, an historical review of the moral, religious, literary, and political character of the



English nation, undertakes a work whose magnitude must alarm even the combined force of the brightest talent and severest industry. As success in such a work would unquestionably confer immortal fame, so complete failure must inevitably bring down the censures due to presumptuous vanity; and between these extremes, opposite as they may appear, the gradation is short and imperfect. In the labours of the pen, it will commonly be found that the triumph of accomplishment and the disgrace of failure rise in equal proportion to the difficulties of the pursuit, unless indeed it be conceived that the pardon sometimes accorded to ineffectual but well meant efforts, is a satisfactory rather than a mortifying tribute.

In estimating the merit of the work before us, its object should first be clearly understood. We wish the author had informed us in his preface whether he designed his work to be a system of original speculation, or a succinct detail of compiled authorities; a compendium for historical reference, or a manual for the use of schools. As the whole is comprized in the moderate compass of an octavo volume, it is reasonable to conclude that the writer aimed not at the highest of these objects. It is probable indeed, that he confined his views to the humbler, but more judicious and attainable end of facilitating to young minds the acquisition of useful knowledge, by a careful recital and suitable arrangement of established truths. To a purpose of this nature his performance is in most respects well adapted; and is even possessed of some peculiar and strong recommendations. Impartiality rather than energy of sentiment, good sense rather than nice discrimination or profound remark, are the obvious characteristics of the work. A style easy and perspicuous, sometimes ornamented, but seldom rising above mediocrity, is preserved throughout the composition.

We shall present to our readers some specimens both of the style and the argument of the disquisition before us. In the preface the author observes that

‘The events in the history of England are conspicuously deserving of attention, from their variety, number, and singularity. Foreigners of education are more conversant with it than any other, their own excepted. Hence it is not surprising that Englishmen should feel so deep an interest in it. The principal object in the study of history, being instruction, no history merits more application than that of England, which abounds much more in transactions of the highest importance, and exhibits a more surprising series of revolutions and of striking events than any modern one. But setting these considerations aside, every man that has the leisure, should also have the inclination to be acquainted with the various destinies that have

befallen his country. It is not only a laudable curiosity, and a pleasurable occupation, but also tends to edify, and to sow in worthy minds the seeds of patriotism, the first of public virtues.

'A rapid transition has been made over the remote passages in our history ; but as it approaches nearer to our times, the recollections, and other matter, have been enlarged. The reign of Charles the First has been more particularly dwelt upon, as of more interest and consequence than any that went before, or that have since followed. The true principles of the English constitution, never yet clearly understood, were then ascertained. The price paid by our ancestors for this much wanted elucidation, was doubtless fatal to them at the time, as it cost them their best, their noblest, and even their royal blood. The legacy, thus dearly purchased, and transmitted to their descendants, these, it is hoped, will duly prize; and taught by woful experience, will no less faithfully on the one hand, than resolutely on the other, maintain the balance between subjection and freedom. Convinced that as these are either united, or asunder, like religion, which, well or ill understood, is the bliss or bane of society, they never fail to prove the source of happiness or of misery to a state; the one degenerating into tyranny and despotism, the other into licentiousness and confusion.'

With the prudent maxims and careful sentiments illustrated in the foregoing passage, the author commences his review.

The work is distributed into chapters, of which the first four comprise the early history of the ancient Britons, their subjugation and admixture with the Romans, the invasions of the Saxons and Danes, down to the period of William the Conqueror. The details are succinct and do not demand particular notice. The eleven succeeding chapters rise in a regular series of interest and importance to the end of the reign of Charles the First, at which period the review closes. It is evident that the author has proportioned his pains to the difficulties of his subject; and we are of opinion that his merit and success are increased according to the same standard.

We were at a loss to imagine what would be his account of the moral and religious character of our early ancestors. In the following passage he speaks too obviously in the language of apology :

'If the superstitious maxims that governed mankind in those illiterate ages, extended their influence over England, it was no more than what they did over all Europe ; it was the reign of general darkness ; all classes were involved in it without exception; and when we see the most learned individuals not exempted, we are not to wonder that the most exalted personages in society coincided in the opinions generally received.

' Hence monasteries became the retreat of those who owed themselves to the world, and who could have no other motive for relinquishing the stations they held in it, than the absurd prepossession, that seclusion from mankind was the securest method of obtaining the favour of Heaven.

' Let it however be recorded, that some of those princes who thus injudiciously abandoned the cares of government, had been previously distinguished by the strictest performance of their duties to the public, and carried with them the sincerest regret of their subjects, for having withdrawn themselves into solitude.

' Let it also not be forgotten, that the fundamental principles of that constitution, so justly dear to Englishmen, were known and maintained by their forefathers at these unimproved periods; and that their minds, though deficient in those attainments now common, yet possessed that conviction of the rights appertaining to human nature, and that resolution to maintain them, which are the real foundation of all public and private felicity.

' Thus, however clouded in their conceptions of other subjects, they preserved unsullied the independent spirit traditionally bequeathed to them by their valiant and high-minded forefathers. The very excesses of that superstitious zeal which influenced the actions of mankind in those days of obscurity, when impartially considered, are the strongest proofs of the sincere attachment to what was deemed religion and piety. However the conduct of men might be erroneous, they were convinced of its rectitude; and the worst that can be said of them, is that they were misled by the general infatuation then prevailing throughout the Christian world, and that their intentions were highly commendable, though productive of improprieties.

' The warm advocates at this day, for the errors then current among Christians, cannot contain their lamentations, when they compare the changes that time and reason have effected in this island. Long indeed was it stiled throughout Christendom the Island of Saints; the multitude of persons who bore testimony by their actions of the fervour with which they were devoted to the tenets then received, exceeded that in the other parts of Europe, in a proportion that suffered no comparison. In a word, the English of those times were held the best and worthiest of all Christians; a praise surely transcending any other that could have been given to them; as it included the merits of both religion and morality.

' In this respectable light they long remained the brightest examples to all their neighbours. Wars and political occurrences did not alter their character in other instances; the bravest were frequently the most noted for the strictness of their morals, as well as the completest fulfilment of their religious duties.

' It is with pleasure that we are able at this distance of time, to draw such a picture of our ancestors. It ought certainly to make a profound impression upon their descendants; the inheritance of a good name is undoubtedly a treasure of the highest value. It will not, one may presume, be deemed an ill-founded vanity to say, that in the corruption of modern manners, the English have suffered the

least contamination, and still retain among the people of Europe, the character of downrightness, good nature, and probity, that rendered their forefathers so universally respected, and so superiorly prized by all their neighbours.'

We shall not remark on the style of the foregoing pages. With regard to the sentiments expressed, it may be proper to observe, that the author speaks somewhat too decidedly on a subject, with which the world is very imperfectly acquainted; and that in assuming the character of an apologist, he appears to have mistaken the spirit of the times which he is describing.

We shall conclude our brief account of this volume by giving it as our opinion, that it may be advantageously used by the young student of history, as a judicious and useful compilation.

## MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

### RELIGION.

**ART. 13.**—*A Dissertation on the Supreme Divine Dignity of the Messiah: in reply to a Tract, entitled, 'A Vindication of certain Passages in the common English Version of the New Testament.' As a fifth Appendix to the third Edition of Remarks on the Uses of the Definitive Article in the Greek Text of the New Testament. By Granville Sharp. 12mo. 1806.*

IN our Review for the month of April last, we entered so fully ourselves into the merits of Mr. Winstanley's Vindication that it is the less necessary to detain our readers with many remarks on the present occasion. Mr. Sharp, we doubt whether with entire good judgment, quitting his own ground, which is purely that of a grammatical question, and to which alone we confined our observations, has suffered himself to be seduced by Mr. Winstanley from the vindication of his theory, to the defence of the doctrine of the divinity of Christ. Now these are surely very distinct questions; and however they may have been confounded by Mr. W. and others, it would have been better if Mr. Sharp had contented himself with pointing out the distinction, and confining himself within the limits of the grammatical part of the argument. With this reservation, however, the present tract deserves considerable commendation. The spirit, the zeal, and the vigour of the veteran against his younger antagonist, reminds us strongly of a parallel combat in the Roman poet:

'At non tardatus casu, neque territus heros,  
Acrior ad pugnam redit, ac vim suscitât ira !

Tum pudor incendit vires; et conscia virtus:  
 Præcipitemque aren Dardæus agit æquore toto,  
 Nunc dextra ingeminans ictus, nunc ille sinistra.  
 Nec mora, nec requies. Quam multa grandine nimbi  
 Culminibus crepitant, sic densis ictibus heros  
 Creber utraque manu pulsat versatque Dareta.'

ART. 14.—*A Sermon preached at the Anniversary Meeting of the Sons of the Clergy, in the Cathedral Church of St. Paul, on Thursday, May 5th, 1805. By the Rev. Charles Barker, B. D. F. A. S. Canon Residentiary of Wells, and Chaplain in Ordinary to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. 4to. Rivington. 1806.*

THIS is an able and eloquent discourse, and is exceedingly well adapted to the occasion upon which it was delivered.

ART. 15.—*A Dissertation on the Prophecies that have been fulfilled, are now fulfilling, or will hereafter be fulfilled, relative to the great period of 1260 Years; the Papal and Mohammedan Apostasies; the Tyrannical Reign of Anti-Christ, or the Infidel Power; and the Restoration of the Jews. By George Stanley Faber, B. D. Vicar of Stockton-upon-Tees. In two Volumes. 8vo. Rivingtons. 1806.*

THE press has been of late so prolific in dissertations and examinations of the prophetic parts of the sacred writings, that it is difficult for us to keep pace with them; and a very large portion of our Review would be occupied by this subject alone, were we to enter into an account of each performance adequate to its extent, of the author's probable opinion of its importance. In these two large volumes will be found a considerable portion of learning, and evidences enough of the industry and zeal of the reverend author. Many whose studies lead them to be nearly interested in the particular subjects which are enlarged upon, will doubtless have recourse to these volumes for themselves.

ART. 16.—*A Letter to a Country Gentleman, containing some Remarks on the Principles and Conduct of those Ministers of the Church of England who exclusively style themselves Evangelical Preachers. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Dutton. 1806.*

IN this pamphlet, though we are far from thinking that it contains a complete and adequate exposure of the extent and malignity of the evils which it deploras, and though we are not every where satisfied with the precision and accuracy of its minuter statements, yet there will be found in it many sensible and useful observations; and we are willing to hope that it may retard the progress of contagion among the clergy, and warn the laity against lending their countenances and support to practices and pretensions, which are very often nothing else but a gross insult against common decency and common honesty.



The information contained in the following paragraphs is of so extraordinary a nature that we shall not scruple to recommend the whole of it to the serious consideration of our readers :

‘ There is held in the parish of Creaton, in the county of Northampton, an annual meeting of between forty and fifty clergymen of the church of England, assuming to themselves the designation of Evangelical preachers. At this visitation those members who are approved of by the supreme authority, wherever it is lodged, take their turn to preach in the parish church of Creaton ; and the people from the neighbouring parishes unaccustomed to behold their regular clergy convened, but by the authority of the bishop, flock in considerable numbers to this extraordinary assembly.

‘ Whatever may be the ostensible nature, or whatever the remote design of this irregular convention, it cannot be contemplated without considerable anxiety by those who wish well to our ecclesiastical establishment. Unlicensed conventions, of whatever description, are certainly to be viewed with a jealous vigilance, but there is a novelty as well as a boldness in this attempt, which I think calls for peculiar attention. The clergy of the establishment have been remarkable, ever since the restoration of the church, for their respect towards their superiors, and the present is, I believe, the only instance since that period, in which any considerable body of them have convened themselves to form a regular annual visitation in contempt of their diocesan. This unauthorized synod of presbyters, assembled to deliberate concerning the official conduct of its respective members, which I suppose is the avowed object of the meeting, is not only unsanctioned by the discipline of the church, but directly opposed to it, nor can the gentlemen so assembled be ignorant that the question whether ecclesiastical jurisdiction should reside in a body of presbyters, or in the bishops, is the great point in dispute between the episcopal and presbyterian churches. The dangerous tendency of this imperium in imperio, may perhaps be in some measure estimated by considering what degree of alarm we should feel, were it unfortunately extended to different parts of the kingdom. What should we think, if in every diocese, we should behold those ministers of the establishment, who dissented from their brethren and adopted the opinions of Calvin, annually self-convened to act and deliberate in a regular body, whatever form or colour they might chuse to give to such an assembly ? And yet how probable it is that this consequence should ensue from one such annual meeting regularly persevered in, must be obvious to every person who is acquainted with the force of example, or the active, subtle, and insinuating nature of party spirit. But, Sir, calculated, as this circumstance is, to excite attention in this isolated and abstracted view of it, it is considerably more so, when we view it as part of a more extended system. If we could behold this convention as a meeting of clergymen, composed indiscriminately of persons holding different doctrinal opinions, and unconnected with faction or party of any kind, however irregular or imprudent we might deem it, it might certainly be found upon ex-

amination to have been innocent *in its intent*, and, according to circumstances, even praiseworthy; but when we consider this assembly, as wholly composed of those, who not only profess the doctrines of Calvin, but who have lately with indefatigable zeal endeavoured to fix those doctrines on the church of England as her legitimate doctrines, it cannot but appear in a very different point of view.

ART. 17.—*A Letter from a Country Vicar to the Right Reverend Father in God, Dr. Samuel Horsley, Lord Bishop of St. Asaph, inviting his Lordship to a Re-consideration of 1 Peter iii. 18, 19. 20; and offering a more clear and consistent Interpretation of that Passage of sacred Scripture, than is to be found in a Sermon lately published, affixed to a second Edition of his Lordship's Version of Hosea. A second Edition, corrected: with an Appendix, being an Address to the Editors of the Orthodox Churchman's Magazine, in Answer to a Critique published in their Review for October last.* 8vo. Longman. 1806.

THIS copious title-page spares us the trouble of explaining the object and argument of the Country Vicar's Letter and Appendix. Neither need we dwell long in stating our opinion of the success of Mr. Cotes (for that is the name which is subscribed to the letter) in assailing the interpretation of the much-controverted text of St. Peter, delivered by Bishop Horsley in the sermon referred to. We do not seem then to learn much more from this pamphlet than that the writer coincides in opinion much more nearly with Doctors Hammond, Whitby, and Hey, than with the bishop of St. Asaph. He therefore who is possessed of what has been said by those authors, will not learn a great deal from the observations of the Country Vicar. His attempts to enliven the subject with his wit are not very happy, but neither are they calculated to do great harm, or give much pain.

ART. 18.—*Sermons on various Subjects and Occasions, by Alexander Grant, D. D. Minister of the English Episcopal Chapel at Dundee. In three Volumes. Vol. 3.* 8vo. Longman. 1805.

THESE sermons are plain and practical, and, we doubt not, were heard with advantage by the congregation to which they were delivered. But we do not see sufficient reason for their claim to the more extended circulation of the press. That they are plain, intelligible to the homeliest capacity, and not dull, is their principal commendation. We see very little appearance of that skill in composition, which the reader has a right to look for even in the plainest discourse, when it ventures to present itself before him in the closet. Nor need we look far to meet with inelegancies and blemishes. P. 12. 'In order to become a *truly accomplished* Christian, nothing more is necessary than to copy the example of the founder of our religion.' Is not the author somewhat unfortunate when, in speaking (p. 14.) 'of such actions of Christ as can have no relation to

us but as *examples*, his first instance of this kind is the washing of the disciple's feet? Has the author never heard of the 'larger discourse' on this part of the evangelical history by the present venerable bishop of Worcester, Dr. Hurd?—On the other hand, Doctor Grant is occasionally somewhat ostentatiously forward in displaying his little learning. 'All bare him witness and wondered (in the *Greek* it is 'were astonished,\*) at the gracious words which proceeded out of his mouth!' p. 18. Again, we are gravely told (p. 136) 'The verb *συναγωγαι* is evidently compounded of *συνα* *præda*, and *αγω* *duco*.' Still these lesser matters are not such as ought to detract greatly from the character of Dr. Grant as an useful and very respectable preacher. But criticism, it must be remembered, in printed books, is, and ever will be, very fastidious.

### MEDICINE.

ART. 19.—*Letters to Dr. Rowley, on his late Pamphlet, entitled, 'Cow-pox Inoculation no Security against Small-Pox Infection.'* By *Aculeus*. 8vo. Symonds. 1805.

ART. 20.—*Observations on Vaccine Inoculation; tending to confute the Opinion of Dr. Rowley and others.* By *Henry Fraser, M. D.* 8vo. Highley. 1805.

ART. 21.—*Inoculation for the Small-pox vindicated, and its superior Efficacy and Safety to the Practice of Vaccination clearly proved.* By *George Lipscomb, Surgeon.* 8vo. Robinson. 1805.

ART. 22.—*A short Detail of some Circumstances connected with Vaccine Inoculation, which lately occurred in this Neighbourhood, (Plymouth), with a few relative Remarks.* By *R. Dunning, Surgeon.* 12mo. Murray. 1806.

WE have transcribed the title-pages of four of the pamphlets, which have appeared upon this fruitful subject of controversy. We do not think that the cause will be either greatly benefited or injured by such productions, if we except the last. Against some of the absurdities of Dr. Rowley, indeed, the ridicule of *Aculeus* is successfully pointed: but the impression which such a mode of discussion leaves upon the mind, is slight, and tends but little to relieve it from doubt as to the alledged matters of fact. The letters are written with considerable spirit, and contain a good deal of well directed irony. The declamation of the two succeeding writers, and especially of Mr. Lipscomb, is very ample, but will tend but in a feeble degree to forward their respective intentions. It is remarkable indeed that the only valuable document in the possession of Dr. Fraser, namely, an incontestable proof that one of the cases related by Dr. Rowley is altogether erroneously stated, is withheld in mercy to the patience of the reader!—Mr. Lipscomb seems to have possessed no documents at all. The calm, candid, and rational statements of Mr. Dunning carry

considerable weight with them. He admits that the case, formerly published under the sanction of his name, was an instance of the occurrence of small-pox after cow-pock, and that a few similar cases have happened. But he maintains that the small-pox have been of that mild and half-formed sort, which are altogether free from danger; and that this very occasional inefficiency of the virus tends to increase the analogy between the vaccine and the variolous diseases. We cannot but think that the efficacy of vaccination was strongly evinced by the events of last summer. In every alley and corner of the metropolis, small-pox of the most virulent and fatal nature prevailed: yet among the thousands who had been vaccinated, and who, according to the assertions of the opposers of cow-pock, were therefore liable to variolous infection, we are satisfied that scarcely any individuals were actually infected; in a very considerable intercourse with the sick poor, we saw not one instance of such infection. We mention this by the way: the subject is not now, we are persuaded, in need of such evidence.

**ART. 23.**—*On Epilepsy, and the Use of the Viscus Quercinus, or Mistletoe of the Oak, in the Cure of that Disease.* By Henry Fraser, M. D., &c. 8vo. Highley. 1806.

WHEN the purpose of a treatise is simply to recommend a particular remedy in a well known disease, the reader does not look for an account of all the causes which have ever been assigned to it, nor of the appearances which have been discovered on dissection, nor of all the remedies which have been employed in its cure. Had he, in every instance of this sort, to labour through a systematic essay, the little information he might procure on the *one novel* point, the remedy, would be learned at a heavy expence of time and labour. Such, however, is the expence to which Dr. Fraser consigns his reader; who after toiling to the end of the pamphlet, there merely finds a statement, that, in eleven cases, the author had seen epilepsy cured by the mistletoe. Every practitioner knows, that diseases, nominally the same, may differ essentially in their nature, and require very different treatment; and that, therefore, a medicine, which may be beneficial in one form of disease, may be useless, or even prejudicial in another. The only mode, therefore, of materially improving the art, would be to state at length the peculiar circumstances of the cases in which particular means of relief have succeeded. This remedy has been recommended by several continental authors, whose authority, however, has not prevented it from falling into general neglect. But where other means fail, the simple assertion of the author will, no doubt, be a sufficient inducement to the medical reader to resort to the remedy here mentioned.

**ART. 24.**—*Outlines of the Origin and Progress of Galvanism, with its Application to Medicine. In a Letter to a Friend.* By William Meade, M. D. 8vo. Archer, Dublin. 1805.

THIS pamphlet exhibits a concise and very perspicuous view of the

history of Galvanism. The author commences with a description of the simple experiments first made by Galvani; and then details the discoveries of Volta, by means of the pile, (which is minutely described,) as well as the subsequent experiments made by Messrs. Carlisle and Nicholson, Bolton, Cruikshanks, and Davy; and he afterwards enters into a brief discussion relative to the theories which have been proposed on the subject. Some observations on the medical application of galvanism follow, from which it appears that the author has experienced its utility in several diseases, where a great local or general stimulus was required. In these cases the uninterrupted stream of the galvanic fluid, renders it a much more powerful agent than electricity. The work is concluded with some satisfactory directions for the construction of galvanic apparatus, and the mode of applying it to use; which are illustrated by two wretched engravings. On the whole this little work will be amply sufficient as a guide to those who wish to commence experiments on this curious and interesting subject, and to whom the larger work of Mr. Wilkinson may not be readily accessible.

#### POETRY.

ART. 25.—*Signs of the Times, or a Dialogue in Verse.* 8vo. Longman. 1806.

AMONG the signs of the present times, the future historian may enumerate the itch—for versification. Though this performance is superior to many which fall under our inspection, the subject is in no respect applicable to the year 1806; ten years ago the author might have published it with a greater chance of its being read, but the spirit of democracy now needs no antidote.

ART. 26.—*Rhymes for the Nursery, by the Authors of 'Original Poems.'* Darton and Harvey. 1806.

WE have not room for extracts, or could convince our readers that the writers of these 'Rhymes' have better claims to the title of poets than many who arrogate to themselves that high appellation.

ART. 27.—*Corruption, a Satire, with Notes.* By Thomas Clío Rickman, Author of the 'Fallen Cottage, Poems in two Volumes,' 'Letter to Mr. Pitt,' &c. Inscribed to those whose Country is the World, and whose Religion is to do good. Rickman. 1806.

CLIO, sweetest of the Nine, by what strange fatality did the god-fathers and godmothers of Thomas Rickman prefix this classic name to the author of the 'Fallen Cottage?' Seemed he to his sapient sponsors to be of the gender y'clep'd the Epicene? or deluding the senses of prognosticating gossips, didst thou, as he slept in his wicker-cradle, pile heaps of laurel and of sacred myrtle, emblems of future fame, around his infant head, as of old the fabled doves preserved the bard of Venusium? Sorry should we be to believe for a moment



that thou wouldst thus incur the risk of eternal disgrace, and forfeit for a jest thy long established renown. We shall, therefore, endeavour to trace this violation of propriety in every sense of the word, to other sources, and shall ascribe the profanation of thy name solely to the vanity and cunning of Thomas Rickman. As the artful methodist preacher oftentimes conceals under the venerable names of Abraham, Elisha, and Josiah, a head replete with nonsense, and a heart with hypocrisy, so we are inclined to believe, that the author before us has assumed the name of 'Clio' to himself, and of 'Corruption' to his book, solely to delude the credulous multitude. But before we speak of the contents of this performance, we will just apprise our readers who Mr. Rickman is. He is, then, a printer, a bookseller, and patentee of the signal trumpet, yet better known in the caricature shops by the denomination of citizen of the world, which portrait of himself he has prefixed to the work now before us. 'This,' as the author tells us in his preface, 'is a downright satire against corruption, and affects not political disquisition.' He is neither whig, nor tory; he belongs neither to the 'gang of Pitt,' nor the 'junto of Fox,' but disclaims all connection with every party.

'What party-ties the wise and good can bind?  
Truth, wisdom, virtue, liberty, mankind;  
Between such principles reflecting chuse,  
And all your BLUES, and REDS, and REDS, and BLUES.  
E'en with *Corruption's* self party can ride,  
And hates her only on the adverse side.'

Yet with all this parade Mr. Rickman does belong to a party, and to one which we fondly believed to be extinct. He affects to be the man of the people, a staunch Painite, and Philanthropist!

'And patriots! in these days I feel it vain,  
When scoffers that illustrious word profane;  
Yet still there is a word that soars above,  
PHILANTHROPY!—pure universal love!'

Agreeably to these sentiments, he informs us that 'something is rotten in the state of Denmark,' and he accordingly preaches liberty and reformation through two and thirty pages of as indifferent verse as we ever had the luck to peruse; but, according to Clio,

'Any trash the bookseller can vend,  
Is far more sought than all the soul can mend.'

#### POLITICS.

ART. 23.—*John Bull's Soliloquies on the late Impeachment.*  
8vo. Hatchard. 1806.

JOHN Bull is here introduced as making several soliloquies on the late impeachment of Lord Melville, with that freedom and bluntness which has ever been his distinguishing characteristic. That

romantic love for the sovereignty of the people, that fire and transport in favour of popular rights, which the present ministry felt or affected to feel before they came into power, forms a prominent feature in the ejaculations of John. 'I distrust,' says he, 'the enthusiasm of patriots; my ear is too well tutored in their addresses. Wilkes was a patriot, and Wilkes in private used to say, that the public was a goose, and every man was a fool that did not pluck a feather. Whenever any one professes a more than ordinary zeal for my service, I instinctively put my hands to my pocket. These political zealots exhaust themselves in protestation—their intentions are immaculate—their plans are perfection—but they never go beyond their sketch-book. "Be easy," said one of this stamp, in a whisper to his confidant, "we squeeze the orange, and throw it away when we have swallowed the juice."

The precautions taken by the ministry that not a syllable should transpire during the trial of Lord Melville, though before the trial newspaper libels, caricatures, speeches in and out of parliament, and all the artifices to which intrigue and faction could resort, were employed to mislead and inflame the popular mind, form the subject of the fourth soliloquy. The good humour and satire which pervade the whole of this performance inducing us to allow it a greater space than usual, we have selected the tenth and fourteenth soliloquies for the amusement of our readers. Facts, as the proverb says, are stubborn things, and need no comment.

'Whitbread fought his ground by inches, but the contest required weapons of a finer temper than any to be found in his armoury. There was no lack of valour; the want was elsewhere.—The task of leading an impeachment was more than proportioned to the limit of his ability. He was in the condition of the Persian archer, when he received the bow he could not bend.—He must never again attempt to seek fame or popularity by that mode of warfare: his strength is not fitted to it. He is but a "coaster on the intellectual deep," and ought to keep within soundings.

'Never, to be sure, was such a dearth of eloquence. Nothing for the patient peeresses, save now and then a ham-sandwich, to relieve the dull, dry, vapid insipidity of a whole day's speech. There were moments when even Gordon's lively duchess,—constant in attendance and attention,—could not resist the invitation to slumber.—But for the frank integrity of Mark Sprott, whose examination put the court in good humour, nothing would have burst the cloud of heaviness which seemed to hang round the hall.

'For my part, I am losing by degrees that facility of forgetfulness which formerly secured me a nap at any time. The perspective of my affairs makes me giddy. I wish I could follow Sheridan's example, and doze till noon.

'Sherry, by the way, was one of the managers of the impeachment. I don't recollect to have once seen him in the box—the reason must have been that the court was *up* before him.—On recollection, he is manager at another theatre.—He regulates well in matters of tragedy and comedy—but never intermeddles with farce.'

'Sheridan, Treasurer of the Navy!—Well, the party will have worked a miracle if they make him a good treasurer; but they will work a miracle still greater if they make him a good paymaster.—His late *divertissement* was a novel scene at Somerset-house.—Its offices never before resounded with the revelry of such a festive crowd. Sherry grows old with a good grace. He eats well, and drinks well, which things cherish corpulency; but he is still alert withal, and can say with old Falstaff, "He that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him."

'I think the broad-bottomed administration never tripped on the fantastic toe more gracefully than at that night's carousal. Sidmouth's friends won the palm; they footed it to the tune of "Over the water to Charley" admirably well. Indeed they have been so accustomed to dance, as the old proverb says, 'to any man's pipe,' that it is not surprising they should excel; and to be sure they do "turn half round," and "change sides," with great dexterity. Lauderdale was in no humour for capering; he attempted a *Scotch fling*, but failed sadly, and sat down vexed and disappointed. The Chancellor of the Exchequer performed wonders; he indeed almost regretted his own proficiency, and expressed his fears that he should rob himself of all his reputation as a minister of state—a punning peer whispered, that the value of the thing lost would be so trifling that it could not be more than *petty larceny* at the worst.'

## NOVELS.

ART. 29.—*The Last Man, or Omegarus and Syderia, a Romance in Futurity. In Two Volumes. 12mo. Dutton. 1806.*

A MOST potent narcotic, which we strongly recommended to all apothecaries and druggists, as a substitute for opium, producing all the good, without any of the bad qualities of that soporific medicine.

ART. 30.—*The Strangers, a Novel, in three Volumes. By Mrs. Norris, Author of 'Second Love,' &c. 12mo. Vernor. 1806.*

THE uxoriousness of Mr. Norris induced him to send us a critique on this production of his spouse, replete with the most overstrained panegyric. In revenge for the insult of supposing that we should prostitute our journal by inserting a criticism which contained no word of truth, we are almost tempted to expose in an unceremonious manner the present senseless volumes to the ridicule they deserve, but

nullum memorabile nomen

Fœmineâ in pœnâ est, neque habet victoria laudem.

We therefore silently consign them to oblivion.

ART. 31.—*Simple Tales, by Mrs. Opie, in Four Volumes, 12mo. Longman. 1806.*

WE cannot but surmise that Mrs. Opie has either been the re-

viewer of her own work, or has at least got it criticised by some partial friend in a certain northern review, which has in this instance deviated from its professed plan of severity, and may therefore fairly be suspected of sometimes suffering that to be done, which it has of late unbecomingly insinuated to the prejudice of other journals.

A tedious insipidity pervades, with few exceptions, every one of these tales, for which the fair author makes us no other recompence than a few pathetic touches at the *dénouement* of each: Mrs. O. we presume, was of opinion with Moses in the Vicar of Wakefield, that when once in favour with the public, she had 'nothing to do but to go to sleep;' and impressed with this idea she has not exerted her usual diligence. In the story of the 'Soldier's Return,' and the 'Brother and Sister,' she is more successful than in any of the rest. It requires some art to clothe the thoughts and phrases of common people, without letting them rise into bombast or sink into vulgarity; but in the two last mentioned tales Mrs. O. has observed a happy medium. As our fair readers, we know, will consider us as unpardonable unless we present them with a specimen of Mrs. Opie's pathetic, we cannot select a passage which will better exemplify the remarks we have just made than the following:

A French nobleman under promise of marriage had deceived the fair Ellen, sister of Philip, an English sailor. Reports of this had reached the ears of Philip while he was on a short visit at his father's house, but he attached no credit to it. He knew she loved him, and from that antipathy which an English sailor naturally feels to a Frenchman, wished to wean her heart from the object of her affection. In the overflowing of his soul, he proposed as a toast, 'destruction here and hereafter to all the French on the face of the earth.'

'This horrible toast was received by his messmates with shouts of applause: but his father left the room to avoid drinking it; and Ellen, pale and terrified, was following him from the same motive, when Philip, his lip quivering with passion, and his whole frame trembling with emotion, swore, solemnly swore, that she should drink that toast before she went away.

"I can't drink it, indeed I can't," cried Ellen; "it would choke me, it would indeed."

"You shall try, however," said he, putting the glass to her lips: and Ellen would have drunk it, had not Philip with spiteful eagerness repeated the toast. Ellen listened, and took the glass from her lips:—Could she drink "Destruction here and hereafter" to the object of her affections and the father of her child?—Impossible! and with a shriek of horror she threw the untasted glass on the ground, and sunk down in a swoon upon the floor.

'Her scream made her brother sober immediately: his heart smote him for what he had done; and raising her fondly in his arms he rested her head on his bosom, while his mother applied restoratives to her nostrils: but in her fall the large handkerchief unfortunately opened, and Philip's long dormant suspicions were reawakened: and

instantly consigning Ellen to the charge of one of his companions, he carefully closed the shawl again, and turned in silent and sullen sorrow to the window.

"I fear she will never recover again!" cried his mother, wringing her hands.

"Perhaps it does not matter if she ever does," muttered Philip:—but luckily no one overheard him, and Ellen was conveyed still insensible to bed.

In a short time after, his messmates declared it was time for them to set off on their return to their ship; and to their great surprise Philip, who had declared in the morning that he should stay at home and on shore till the last minute, now said he should accompany them; and his parents finding he was determined, and in no humour to be contradicted, forbore to urge his stay: and Ellen having recovered herself, his mother hastened to pack up his clothes, while he absorbed in gloomy thoughts leaned against the door.

When his mother came down stairs again, she told him that Ellen hoped he would not go away without bidding her farewell, because if he did she should think he was angry with her.

"Angry with her! angry with her!" replied Philip, grinding his teeth and clenching his fist as he spoke. "Tell her to ask her own heart if I have not reason to be angry with her; if I have not reason to curse——No, no," added he in a softer tone, "no, no,—tell her no such thing, tell her no such thing."

"Then you will see her?"

"No, that I will not,—but——"

"But what? Will you leave her no remembrance—no love?"

"No—I tell you," he vociferated in a tone of thunder;—and calling his companions, he wrung his father and mother by the hand, and rushed out of the house.

"He is gone! and in anger with Ellen!" cried his mother: "how she will grieve for it!"

"Pshaw!—let him go if he is so easily offended; I hope Ellen will not mind his anger," replied her husband, "and I will go comfort the poor girl directly."

He was scarcely seated by her bedside, when Philip, out of breath with haste, returned; and when his mother joyfully welcomed him, he said—"As few words as possible, mother; I only came back to say—Deuce take me if I know what to say! Only—in case I should never see Ellen again—for she may die, you know, or I may be killed——"

"The Lord in his mercy forbid!" ejaculated Mrs. Pereival.

"In his mercy, did you say? in his mercy, mother!—Poor dear deceived soul!" muttered Phillip: "Well, but you see, mother, in that case I should not like to recollect that I did not part friends with my sister; so you may tell her——"

"Tell her yourself."

"No—that's impossible: we had better not meet, believe me. I must not see her, for I would not speak unkind to her; and were I to see her——But no—I will not see her, and that's enough. So



tell her that I—I wish her well, and forgive her; and so forth, and——”

“ You send your love to her ?”

“ No—I said no such thing ; and I won't have words put in my mouth, such as I never said or thought of. Tell her I wish her well, and forgive her, that's quite enough ;—so good bye, mother ! And hark ye, pray be kind and gentle to Ellen, and take care of her, and comfort her all you can.—Well, good bye, mother, and the Lord support you under all your trials !” So saying, he ran from the door : but before his mother could reach the staircase he returned again, and saying—“ Mother, now I think of it, you may give my love to Ellen,” he again bade her farewell, sobbing audibly as he said it, and disappeared.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

ART. 32.—*A new Dunciad. Facts and Anecdotes, illustrative of the iniquitous Practices of anonymous Critics.* 8vo. Tegg. 1806.

OUR attention was naturally excited on seeing the advertisement of this pamphlet in the newspapers. It was pompously addressed to THE LITERARY WORLD ; it professed to be illustrative of the iniquitous practices of modern critics, and to expose the nefarious system of modern reviewing.

We were at no loss to conjecture the source from whence it came; though it was published by Thomas Tegg, and not by Richard Phillips. Our supposition was confirmed on procuring the book, although it differed from the expectations we had formed of it, not being in verse, as the title-page should seem to indicate, but merely an extract from a publication entitled ‘ The Picture of London,’ for a review of which we beg to refer our readers to our Number for June last. The chapter of that work which is there alluded to as containing Mr. Phillips's invective against the reviews of the present day, is now published separately in the shape of the present pamphlet, with only the addition, if our memory be correct, of a couple of concluding pages.

The following notice at the bottom of the title-page, in pointing out the extent of the author's spite, will sufficiently demonstrate that he has not yet recovered from the wounds inflicted by the wholesome lash of criticism :

‘ N.B. Persons who wish to purchase this *useful* work to give away, may be supplied with a cheap edition at 7s. per dozen, which is printed so that it may be sent by post as a single letter.’

Our friend in New Bridge Street will thank us for thus assisting to give publicity to his advertisement.

We will however inform Mr. Phillips of this consolatory truth, that if his Pratts, and his Carrs, and his Mavors, and his Belshams, and his writers of Public Characters, do really possess the talents he so liberally

ascribes to them in the newspapers, they need not fear the animadversions of reviewers, be they dictated by incapacity or malevolence. Talents ill-treated have ever become interesting, and genius in spite of every obstacle will force its way to fame. Never yet did the false aspersions of a prejudiced, a malignant, or an incompetent critic, whether anonymous or confessed, consign to oblivion a work which deserved to live. Whoever hears in these days of the idle calumnies that were scattered around Pope, or Sterne, or the numerous boasts of British genius? The criticisms have passed away like vapours on the winds of heaven; the works will remain for ever.

**ART. 33.**—*A complete Verbal Index to the Plays of Shakespeare, adapted to all the Editions, comprehending every Substantive, Adjective, Verb, Participle and Adverb, used by Shakespeare; with a distinct Reference to every individual Passage in which each Word occurs.* By Francis Twiss, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. Egerton. 1806.

PATIENCE is the great requisite in a writer of indexes; and this qualification Mr. Twiss seems to have possessed in an eminent degree. As accuracy constitutes the sole value of a work of this nature, we are happy to assert that as far as we have examined, not the least error has appeared, and we sincerely hope that the admirers of our immortal poet will not suffer the very laborious task, which Mr. T. has undertaken, to be unrequited. An index like the present has long been a desideratum, and merits every encouragement.

**ART. 34.**—*The Young Ladies' Assistant in writing French Letters, or Manuel Epistolaire a l'Usage des Demoiselles.* 8vo. Deconchy. 1806.

THE author of this work intends only to join with those governesses and teachers, who after having led their pupils through a regular course of French grammar, try every possible method to make them familiar with that language. Among these various methods one of the most beneficial to young persons is certainly the exciting them to transmit their ideas into an epistolary form, as it affords topics for polite conversation, and improves them in what the French call 'Le ton de la bonne compagnie.' We conceive this work to be well adapted for that purpose, and therefore recommend it to the notice of governesses and keepers of school.

**ART. 35.**—*An Introduction to Geography, intended chiefly for the Use of Schools: including a short Account of the Solar System, and the Use of the Terrestrial Globe, with some Remarks on the Pronunciation of the Names of Foreign Countries, &c.* By Isaac Payne. 8vo. Phillips and Fardon. 1806.

THERE is nothing new either in the arrangement or matter of this book; but from the smallness of its price it deserves encouragement.

**ART. 36.**—*A practical Guide to the Light Infantry Officer, comprising valuable Extracts from all the most popular Works on the Subject, with further original Information, and illustrated by a Set of Plates, on an entire new and intelligible Plan, which simplify every Movement and Manœuvre of Light Infantry. By Captain T. H. Cooper, Half-pay 56th Light Infantry. 8vo. Egerton. 1806.*

THE first formation of light infantry corps took place about the year 1656. In the American wars they were peculiarly useful, and the mode of fighting which the American natives pursued, evidently shewed the necessity of such troops. Their greatest utility consisted in protecting an army on its march, and preventing its being harassed and dispirited by the irregular troops of the enemy. In many other respects they are also highly beneficial, and their services are perhaps not overrated by our author in his 'Introduction,' which is entirely devoted to the enumeration of their advantages. Their success on different occasions in America gave rise to the formation of a light company in every regiment.

'The principal design of the following sheets,' the author informs us, 'is to exhibit and compress, for the benefit of the British volunteers, the whole system of light infantry manœuvres, as they are practised by single companies.' Much has already been published on this subject. Of this the author is aware; but there is still much room for improvement, and Captain Cooper has rendered an acceptable service to the army in general, in collecting and arranging all the opinions which are scattered through preceding publications. To prevent the perplexities which necessarily arise to the military student from the difficulty of comprehending written instructions, a set of plates are judiciously subjoined, which will tend to render the whole much more clear and easy. We hope Captain C.'s labours will meet with the attention and encouragement they deserve. To the disgrace of our service, the number of British officers who have studied their profession, is very small; and though experience proves that theory alone will not make a complete soldier, it yet has its great and indispensable advantages. Had not Buonaparte been educated at a military school, he might not now have been Emperor of the French, and arbiter of Europe.

**ART. 37.**—*A short History of Reptiles, found in the British Islands; to which is added, a brief Account of Crustaceous Animals. 8vo. Darton and Harvey. 1806.*

THE reptiles here described are placed by Linnæus in the third class. The genera are the tortoise, frog, lizard, and serpent.

---

ERRATUM in our last Number.

In the account of Mr. Orton, p. 310, line 4 from the bottom, for *Spirits read Opiates.*

---

*The Appendix to the 3th Volume of the Critical Review will be published on the 1st of next month.*